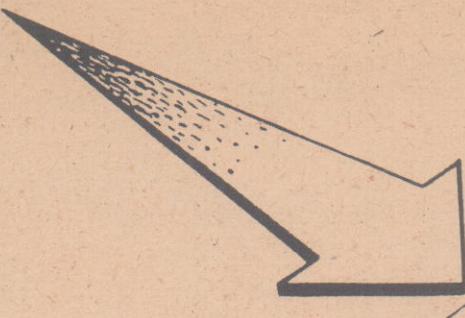
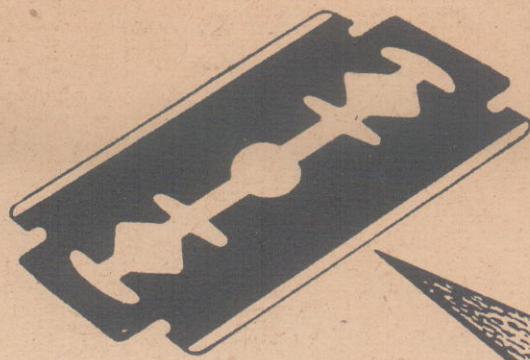


SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

December 1947. Sixpence. Vol. 3 - No 10





***The stronger
the edge —
the longer its life!***

A razor blade must be strong if it is to retain its sharpness.

Gillette edges have three facets which form a shoulder or buttress — giving strength where an unsupported edge soon breaks down.

Because they are both sharp and strong, Gillette blades give you cleaner, smoother shaves — yet reduce shaving costs by longer life.



***‘Good Mornings’
begin with Gillette***

Look what happens when you end Dry Scalp!



Two pictures of the same chap? Nonsense, she's not dumb enough to believe that! Just look at that Dry Scalp on the left! An untidy, lifeless head of hair, if ever there was one. There's dandruff showing at the parting, and quite a few bits on his tunic, too. His scalp is certainly short of natural oils.

Yes, it's the same fellow all right, but what a different girl! He's lost Dry Scalp and dandruff. Thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic his hair looks healthy, glossy, and well dressed. Someone's given him the tip—a gentle massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day, using only a little because a little goes a long way.

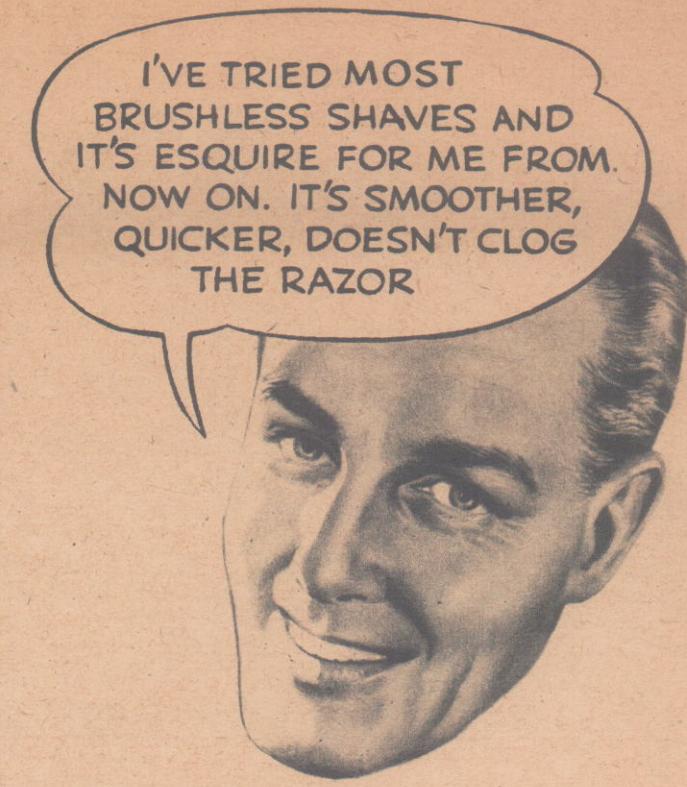
TRADE **Vaseline** BRAND HAIR TONIC

The Dressing that Ends Dry Scalp

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I'VE TRIED MOST
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IT'S ESQUIRE FOR ME FROM
NOW ON. IT'S SMOOTHER,
QUICKER, DOESN'T CLOG
THE RAZOR



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If you had been a Soldier in 1854

You might have served in the Crimea, facing not only the hazards of war, but death by sheer starvation or exposure. More soldiers died through lack of proper food and shelter than from bullets. This was largely due to the failure of the supply system, but conditions were worsened by the absence of a canteen service, or even of organized sutlers. Levantine traders who set up their booths along the road from Balaclava to Sebastopol sold goods of indifferent quality at prices which only the wealthy could afford. It is recorded that these traders sold water at eight shillings a bucket.

Public indignation at these conditions resulted in many reforms in the Army, and several canteen systems were tried and discarded, but the problem of bringing necessities and comforts to men serving at home or abroad was not finally solved until 1921, when Naafi was established as the official canteen service for the Forces, buying goods at wholesale prices, selling at competitive retail prices, and returning all profits to the Forces in rebate, discount and amenities.

NAAFI belongs to the Forces

Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Write to: Staff Manager, Naafi, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, England.

men
prefer

Nufix—a quality product at a popular price.

Its base contains vegetable oil—a safeguard against scalp dryness—also other beneficial ingredients of proved value adding lustre to the hair. Nufix does not contain Gum, Starch or Soap. A single application keeps the hair tidy all day without hardness or deposit.

Unexcelled for Hair Health and well-groomed appearance.



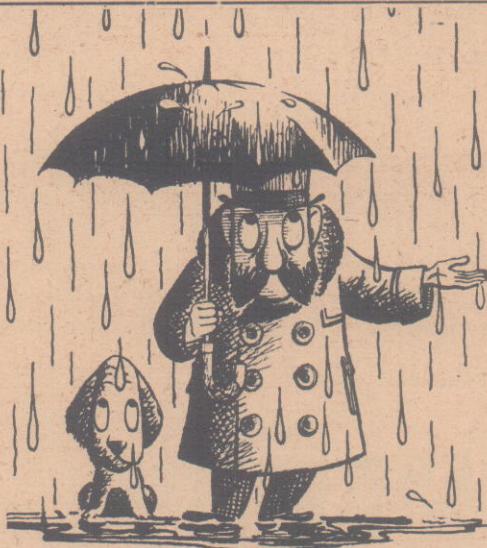
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QUALITY DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

WALDEN & CO. (NUFIX) LTD., THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9

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One thing's certain in this clime—

It's always fine at Guinness Time.

LIFE IS BRIGHTER
AFTER GUINNESS


G.E.1315.H



Photographs: Desmond O'Neill



Striding it out: Lieut-General Sir John Harding, GOC-in-C Southern Command, Lieut-Col. H. L. W. Bird and Mr. Emanuel Shinwell.

Fleet Street was hot on the heels of the new War Minister when he inspected his first Army Command. The cookhouse at Bulford suddenly became front-page news

beside their tropical kit: they were under orders for Hong Kong.

Then came the memorable scene in the cookhouse. It was here that Mr. Shinwell voiced his widely quoted view that the food was as good as MP's had in the House of Commons. Soon flash bulbs were popping like Guy Fawkes Night. The cookhouse which hitherto had been Out Of Bounds To All Ranks was suddenly and mysteriously front-page news. Nor was the scene without its low comedy. One newspaperman sat on a hot-plate and another sank his elbow into a heap of cooked cabbage. All the time the BBC's microphone was threading nearer and nearer. Just when it had almost caught up with Mr. Shinwell he pressed on. But someone whispered in his ear and back he came to say a few words.

Before he went for his own lunch Mr. Shinwell said to Lieut-Col. H. L. W. Bird: "Do your best for the boys, and I'll do my best at the War Office."

After lunch the two cavalcades swept to the RAOC Training Centre at Tidworth, nearby. Here Mr. Shinwell visited a series of classrooms, in which young recruits were listening to equally young lecturers. In one room, hung with every kind of Army clothing from bush shirts

MR. SHINWELL TOURS SALISBURY PLAIN

Across Salisbury Plain, under the eye of the giant white Kiwi cut in the chalk hills, swept two black saloon cars convoyed by Army despatch riders.

In the first car, which bore three silver stars, rode Lieutenant-General Sir John Harding, the triple DSO who is GOC-in-C Southern Command, and a civilian in a blue overcoat and a grey felt hat. The civilian was the Right Honourable Emanuel Shinwell, His Majesty's Secretary of State for War.

In the two-star car close behind rode Major-General E. T. L. Gurdon, GOC Salisbury Plain District. It was to his camps on these historic downs that the new Secretary for War had decided to pay first visit of inspection after taking up office. Today Whitehall and Westminster could wait; Mr. Shinwell wanted to see his Army at work.

There was another cavalcade chasing across Salisbury Plain — a less orderly cavalcade of pressmen in a motor coach, pressmen in private cars, Public Relations Officers in Army cars,

a newsreel van and a BBC recording van. The new War Minister is one of those men who are news, and Fleet Street was taking no chances.

The two cavalcades met at the Wessex Brigade Training Centre at Bulford, where Devons, Wiltshires, Dorsets, Gloucestershires, Royal Hampshires and Royal Berkshires cohabit. First Mr. Shinwell held a private talk with Army commanders, discussing training, education, accommodation and married quarters.

Then Mr. Shinwell decided it was time to talk to the recruits. From that point onwards the tour was public. Photographers ran in front of him, taking worm's-eye views and bird's-eye views. Flash bulbs dazzled him from left, right and centre. Movie cameras whirred in his ear, and microphones were trailed hopefully after him on almost limitless lengths of flex.

Mr. Shinwell is used to this sort of thing. He knows that the pressmen have a job to do, and

his personal relations with the newspapermen are friendly. He tackles his job with a genial gusto and lets other people tackle theirs.

Into a gym strode Mr. Shinwell and began chatting to the recruits. When he arrived at Private Donald Luker Mr. Shinwell was at a slight disadvantage, for Private Luker is 6ft 6in in height. A step or two behind came the pressmen, asking "What's your name?" and "What did Mr. Shinwell say to you?"

The questions Mr. Shinwell asked were not unexpected ones. He wanted to know where they came from, what they did before their call-up, whether they were contented and so on. Mr. Shinwell, who knows how to size up his fellow men, was getting the "feel" of the camp, sensing its atmosphere.

While many of the pressmen were still pumping the recruits, Mr. Shinwell in the field outside was talking to another PT class who had been hauling on a rope to raise a huge dead-weight on a species of wooden derrick. Then off went the Minister to inspect a draft of 60 men of the Devons and Hampshires standing



Stonehenge is on Salisbury Plain, hence the monoliths in the sign of Salisbury Plain District.

OVER

Continuing MR. SHINWELL TOURS SALISBURY PLAIN



Ringed by red tabs, Mr. Shinwell poses for his picture outside the officers' mess at the RAOC Training Centre, Tidworth. On his right is Lieutenant-General Sir John Harding, GOC-in-C Southern Command, on his left Major-General E. T. L. Gurdon, GOC Salisbury Plain District.

to ATS divided skirts, he found Corporal F. Griffiths, a former bank clerk, demonstrating the finer points of boots, jungle. Another room proved to be occupied only by dummies in Arctic clothing. But the next-but-one contained a demonstration which the reporters and photographers — and Mr. Shinwell, for that matter — found irresistible. It was a room full of recruits learning touch typing to music. Corporal W. Leckie and L/Cpl. J. D. Smethurst were in charge. The lance-corporal was calling in a crisp voice, "Turn up three lines... Exercise 16... one... two... three... four... and then, in pronounced pom, pom, pom, came the music of the *William Tell* overture played slowly. In time with the rhythm the class struck the appropriate keys, without looking at the keyboard.

The idea of all this, Mr. Shinwell was told, was that if

learners are taught to type to a rhythm, it is easier to speed them up by speeding up the rhythm. The fingers just follow suit. Typing with music is not an Army idea but one which has been used for some time in Civvy Street.

Mr. Shinwell continued his tour. The Press decided to lie in wait for him outside the officers' mess where he was expected to take tea, and ask him for a statement. A few minutes before he was due to arrive out came Private Terence Cullen to give a last-minute shine to the two eighteenth century brass cannon outside the door.

Mr. Shinwell arrived and with a rueful grin agreed to say a few words into the microphone which had caught up with him again. He told how, touring the camp, he had talked to builders, plasterers, teachers, clerks, labourers and farm workers, training side by side. They were a fine bunch of chaps and deserved the best. There were some things with which he was not satisfied: the accommodation of both men and officers in some cases was not all he would like it to be. Especially was he concerned about married quarters.

For his impromptu speech, which was duly broadcast in the nine o'clock news that night the BBC and the Press thanked Mr. Shinwell cordially.

Mr. Shinwell posed for a picture with the generals, the brigadiers and the colonels, and then went into the mess with them for a cup of tea. There was no doubt he had earned it.



It takes a woman to explain a cookhouse. Junior Commander Ann Pringle points out delicacies on the menu at the Wessex Brigade Training Centre.

HIS LAST TIME AT THE WAR OFFICE

TWO days before he made his tour of Salisbury Plain Mr. Shinwell had faced his first Question Time as War Minister. In rapid succession he answered MP's questions on topics ranging from the quality of cigarettes for prisoners-of-war to the state of lavatories on Medloc trains.

It was not the first time Mr. Shinwell had answered questions on the Army, however. In 1929-30 he was Financial Secretary to the War Office, and had to deputise from time to time for the Minister.

Among the questions Mr. Shinwell answered during his spell as Financial Secretary was one by Mr. Graham White, who wanted to know what progress was being made in the evacuation of the Rhineland. Mr. Shinwell was able to assure him (10 December 1929) that the evacuation would be complete "by the end of this week, except for a small party which is due to leave at the end of next week."

Mr. (now Sir) Waldron Smithers wanted to know whether Communists were distributing subversive literature among the troops at Aldershot, Portsmouth, Chatham, Woolwich and Catterick, and if so what Mr. Shinwell proposed to do about it. The reply was that there was insufficient evidence to enable action to be taken.

Other MP's were informed by Mr. Shinwell that he could not hand over part of the Army's boot contract to firms specialising in hand-sewing, to mitigate unemployment in this trade, as there were "strong practical as well as economic objections"; that military bands were allowed to accept civilian engagements, but not at fees lower than those payable to civilian bands; and that the Army did not import foreign hay unless it could help it.

THE JOB: The Secretary of State for War is the link between the Government and the Army chiefs. He is responsible for carrying out the Government's policy on the Army, and for the efficiency of his forces. He presides at meetings of the Army Council. In Parliament he must be able to answer all questions on the Army's ramifications, to give a lead in debates involving the Army, and to justify his Army Estimates.

The Secretary for War is a Senior Minister, outside the Cabinet. Present system is that the Minister of Defence (Mr. A. V. Alexander) sits in the Cabinet and informs the three Service Ministers of Cabinet decisions.



Says Private Terence Cullen: "We can't fire a salute on this cannon, but at least we can give it a last-minute shine."

ERNEST TURNER.



The moods of a Minister:
Contemplation — "H'mm. I shall
have to think that one over."



Admiration: "These young lecturers certainly know their stuff."



Resolution: "They're a fine bunch of
chaps, and I'll do my best for them."



Ruefulness: "Of course, there
are some things I am not
satisfied with yet... accommoda-
tion in some cases."



"It's as good as we get in the House
of Commons," says Mr. Shinwell.



The Minister watches a class of recruits
typing to the tune of *William Tell*.



Not jungle boots, but boots, jungle...
Cpl. F. Griffiths explains to his new student.



A welcome break in PT: Mr.
Shinwell talks to an eight-weeks soldier.

OLD The Men Who Save



Four girls worked at a bench, preparing fuses for firing. The work was badly organised. Much effort and time was wasted. It took 70 seconds to prepare a fuze.

This was the method devised by the Motion Study experts. Fuzes came along on a roller feed. Each girl performed a clear-cut task. This way the job was done in 36 seconds.



Whether the problem is gun drill or sorting ATS hairpins, the Army's Motion Study experts will find a way of saving effort and — more important — manpower

AN officer of a small and little-known unit called the Motion Study Wing, Military Operational Research Unit, was inspecting an ordnance depot when he saw four ATS girls sitting around a table sorting out hairpins. He watched them at work.

The girls' job was simple enough, merely to split up packets of 1000 hairpins into bundles of 96, the vocabulary requirement for the very necessary issue of 'hairpins, ATS for the use of.'

The girls tipped out the 1000 pins onto the table and laboriously started counting "One, two, three, four..." When the last "96" in the thousand had been counted, the bundles gathered together and tied with string and set aside, the officer noted that the thousand pins had been sorted in 37 minutes. He began to ask questions.

"How long have you been sorting pins like this?"

"Three years? Mmm."

He began to do some mental arithmetic. If an ATS girl cost the Army approximately £4 10s a week, then four ATS working for three years meant that the job of sorting hairpins had cost £2700. It was quite a thought.

In no time he was fixing up an improvised pair of weighing scales on the girls' table and showing them that by weighing the hairpins instead of counting them they could do the job just as accurately and twice as fast. He left the girls working with his makeshift scales but he was not satisfied. Shortly afterwards, a letter was on its way to the hairpin manufacturers requesting that the pins be supplied already bundled in 96's or 100's. The depot lost its hairpin sorting party, and four ATS girls were being employed elsewhere.

The one person who didn't benefit by the change was a rather sad depot ATS orderly sergeant who complained of the trouble of finding a new "light duty" for her sick girls.

The "hairpin job" is a simple illustration of the work of the dozen officers and three sergeants comprising the Motion Study Wing of the Military Operational Research Unit. The job illustrates very simply the science of Time and Motion Study — the simplification of a job of work by eliminating wasteful and unnecessary movements.

A Motion Study officer is a man with an alert, analytical and dissatisfied mind. His analysis is

based on scientific method — *facts not opinions* — and he is taught to be suspicious of what he sees on the surface. Like a small boy he is keen to take a thing apart and examine the bits. He breaks down a process, and then by simplifying movements, cutting out unnecessary actions, making special tools, eliminating periods of waiting, he devises a new way of doing the job which saves time, labour and energy.

There is nothing new about the work. Motion Study, started in America in the 1880's, has been developing in our own factories and workshops for the last 30 years. But it is new for the Army, for it only started in a practical way in 1942. The Motion Study Wing was firmly established in 1944. Its introduction has proved profitable. Take, for instance, the sorting of small arms ammunition.

An ammunition depot was ordered to sort a dump of small arms ammunition comprising 16 different types of bullets. It was a big job, so a Motion Study Officer was called in to advise. He found the men working in pairs at tables piled high with ammunition. Boxes for sorting were cluttered on the tables and around their feet. The men grabbed into the pile, picked out the bullets and pitched them into the boxes one by one. Their movements were clumsy, they got in each other's way, and the bullets often landed in the wrong box.

The Motion Study Officer started filming, investigating, timing. Then from his data he planned a new method of sorting.

Each man was given his own table. To each table was fixed a simple sloping chute divided into seven sections, one for each of the main types and one for the remaining four per cent. At the bottom of each section an ammunition box was placed to collect the bullets. Conveyor rollers were arranged to carry the boxes to and from the tables. Instead of picking up the bullets one by one, the sorter now

Your Energy

merely slid them down the chute with his fingers. Instead of standing he sat down. Instead of carrying the heavy boxes he let the rollers do the work. As a result of the Motion Study Officer's improvements, nine men were able to sort out 200,000 rounds of ammunition a day, against the previous output of 33,000 rounds by 13 men.

The Motion Study Wing work for both the service and operational sides of the Army. The work takes them to factories, workshops, depots, offices and field and experimental units. An ordnance depot requires a simple and quick method for packing stores for issue. An ammunition depot wants to save time in refitting half a million shells with new fuzes. The War Office requires the transmission of documents and letters from branch to branch to be speeded up. A headquarters wants message handling and information passing to be simplified. So the Motion Study Wing is called in to study the problem.

On the operational side the Airborne troops asked for simpler methods in loading gliders. The Engineers asked for a study of minefield laying drills where saving time means also reducing the time men will be exposed to battle fire. The Artillery asked for a study of gun drills to see whether they could be improved or whether the gun crew could be reduced in numbers without affecting the rate of fire.

A gun drill study provides a good example of the operational work of the Motion Study Wing. During the war they were asked to suggest a way of improving the gun drill of the 155 mm gun, and of cutting the crew from eleven men to five men while

WARREN SMITH.

Sorting hairpins into lots of 96 was a useful "light duty", thought the ATS orderly sergeant. But four girls doing this for three years could cost the taxpayer £2700.



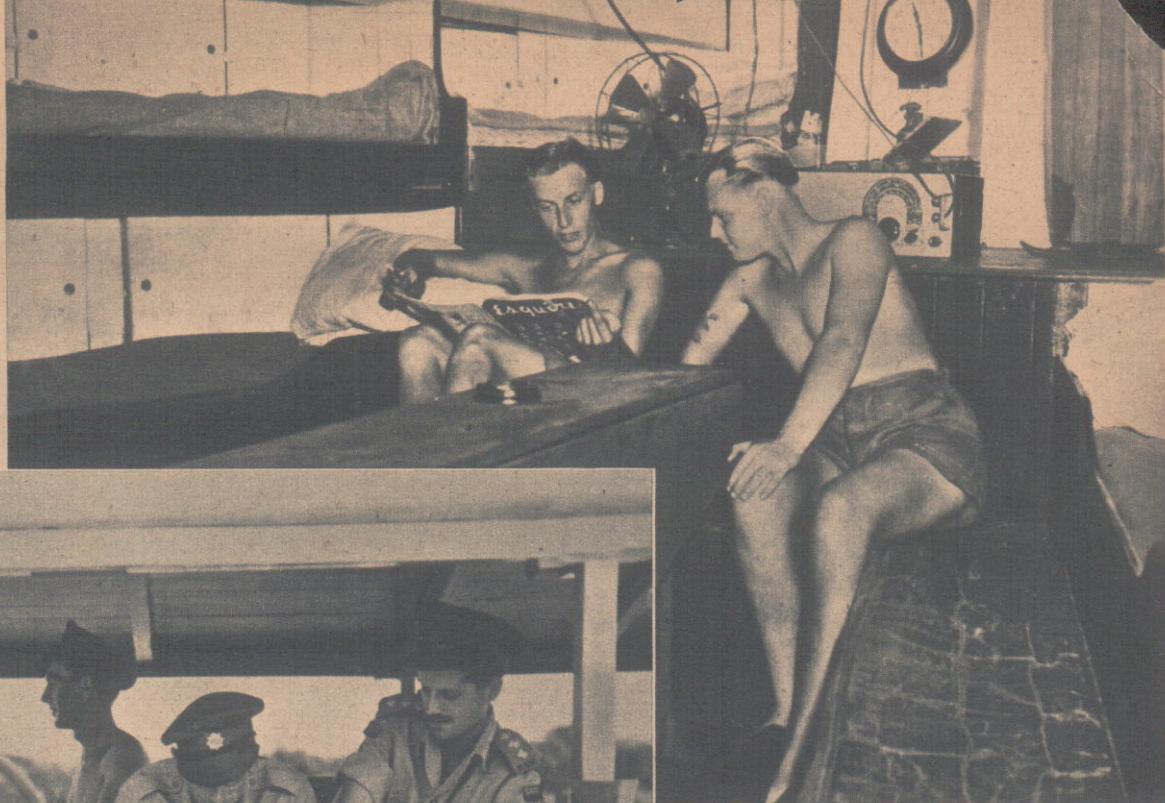
Above: thirteen men sorted 33,000 rounds daily by this haphazard method. When a carrier-fed table with chutes was devised nine men sorted 200,000 rounds a day.



The new method was to weigh hairpins on improvised scales ... until the manufacturers were persuaded to pack the hairpins in lots of 96.



Two small ships of the RASC Fleet are now cruising in the South China Sea, manned by soldier volunteers. Their job, which will take them 2000 miles, is dumping British, American and Japanese bombs in the sea



Above: Soldier radio operators of LCT 1147 relax over a magazine. Literature was taken aboard by the ton. Left: Capt. C. Buchan Talfar, RASC, skipper of the LCT, plots his course with the warrant officer quartermaster as the craft steers through the crowded Singapore roads to the open sea.

They Volunteered for a Nine Months Cruise

Oall the British soldiers spending Christmas overseas this year, none will feel so remote from home as the 56 men who make up the ships' companies of two RASC vessels. For they will be wandering among the islands of the East Indies, in the neighbourhood of the Equator, entirely cut off from any other unit.

The men are RASC crews and RE bomb-disposal specialists. They are on a nine-months 2000-mile round trip to collect Japanese, British and American aerial bombs lying on airfields and dumps in Sarawak, Brunei and British Borneo and to dump them in the sea.

When they set off from Singapore in October, their 34-year-old quartermaster, Captain A. W. Short, was already thinking ahead to Christmas.

"I tried everywhere in Singapore to buy some artificial mistletoe and holly for the boys at Christmas," he told a *SOLDIER* correspondent, "but I didn't have much success. However, I collected plenty of spares for the Welfare wireless sets and a stock of sports equipment for the days the boys spend ashore. And I think the food and beer situation will be pretty good."

Every man in the expedition, with the exception of a handful

of Regulars, is a volunteer who has deferred his release from the Army specially to go on the trip. All were told that they would be away for anything up to nine months, with no possible chance of leave in that time, and that it might be a dangerous job. Yet there were twice as many volunteers as the expedition could take.

In command at sea is Captain C. Buchan Talfar, aged 23, who had four years in the Merchant Navy before joining the Army and who was blown up by a German torpedo in the Bristol Channel. Now, as skipper of the 500-ton LCT 1147, he is making his last trip before leaving the Army.

The commander of the other ship, the 250-ton motor-vessel 1514, is Warrant-Officer D. Turvey. His craft acts as supply ship for the expedition and will go to and from ports in Borneo, taking fresh food to the LCT.

As a seafaring job, the task of these two RASC skippers is tricky. They work in dangerous

waters, where there are hidden reefs to be dodged and perhaps typhoons to be faced. To help them, they have a special set of maps and charts drawn from the Royal Navy Chart Depot at Seletar, Singapore.

On land, Major Edward L. Bourne, GM, Royal Engineers, is in charge. He used to command a deep-sea bomb-disposal unit of divers and frogmen. Now he is the only officer of the unit who has not left on release.

"I expect a lot of difficult jobs will crop up on this trip," said Major Bourne. "Dumping bombs is always a dangerous task, even when you take full precautions, but all our experience during and after the war has been put into the equipment of the LCT.

"There are between 2000 and 3000 bombs to be destroyed. Most of the Jap bombs are in dumps, but the others will be scattered around. There are nearly 50 deadly Jap gas-bombs and up to now I haven't seen this type. In Sibu and Kuching a lot of bombs that fell around houses will have to be dug out, but one bomb will probably stay where it fell for ever — in the Kuching town septic tank. We are carrying special equipment which will be used only by warrant officers and sergeants to deal with fuzes.

"I expect we shall have a particularly tricky time getting some of the bombs from their sites to the LCT and the ship is carrying vehicles specially for this job."

Special accommodation has been arranged on the two ships to cater for the 24 bomb-disposal men who are added to the LCT's normal complement. On the craft itself, pre-fabricated cabins were put up in the well of the ship, and on the supply ship two refrigerators of 110 cubic feet each have been fitted. In these will be stored things like local cucumbers, beans, sugar cane and various types of cabbage, as well as European vegetables, and plenty of fresh local fruit — pineapple, durian, guava and the more popular ones like oranges and lemons.

Two medical orderlies, experienced in the ways of the Far East, are going on the ships. They may have to give first aid in tropical diseases, including three kinds of malaria, and cope with the ravages of dozens of pests, like flies, ants, sandflies, itch mites, leeches, scorpions and centipedes. Also they must be on hand when the men are working in areas infested with crocodiles and snakes.

SOLDIER to Soldier

THE BBC recently handed over the microphone at a peak listening hour to an ex-soldier who described his difficulties in adapting himself to civilian life again.

He found that Service life had unsettled his standards. Distance from home, the swift tempo of life, the imminence of death—these things had contributed to a spirit of live-and-let-live, and had bred a tolerance towards petty rackets and "fiddling." Since returning to Civvy Street this soldier had discovered that the "What's in it for me?" attitude had spread among his fellows.

Some may think that this soldier has exaggerated the unsettling effects of Army life. Whether a man's principles soften up when he is away from home depends to a large extent on how strong they were before he went abroad. In eight weeks the Army cannot give a man the moral training his parents neglected to give him for 18 years.

Others will say (and rightly) that it is unfair to ascribe the growth of "fiddling" in Civvy Street to the influence of ex-soldiers. This disease is liable to break out in any community which finds its standards of living temporarily reduced. The rot spreads rapidly. Law-abiding people see others, perhaps higher up the social scale, "getting away with it." *If gold rust, what shall iron do?*

Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery touched upon this problem characteristically at the El Alamein reunion. He appealed to all ex-Eighth Army men to stand out as strong points against the corruption of black marketeering. The appeal was directed specifically to the Eighth Army, but was intended clearly for every man who has worn uniform.

The ex-soldier who spoke over the radio saw clearly the ultimate issue, and was candid enough to state it clearly. A man had to ask himself: Does world peace matter? Assuming the answer was yes, he then had to ask: Can Britain play her part in maintaining world peace if she loses her integrity as a nation? Assuming the answer was no, surely it followed that a nation could not

lay claim to integrity unless each individual member of it could make the same claim.

It is as easy (and as hard) as that.

SOLDIER salutes the American magazine *Time*, which has administered a timely cuff on the ear to columnist Robert Allen.

Reviewing an anti-Monty book by Allen, *Time* pointed out that it was no compliment to a fine general like the late George Patton to seek to build up his reputation by attempting to destroy that of Field-Marshal Montgomery.

This was one of the things which badly needed saying, and it is good that an American magazine should have said it.

NOT only soldiers, but their wives too, write to **SOLDIER**. That is as it should be. From Taunton and Catterick have come letters in which wives express concern about the prospect of being turned out of married quarters and put into families' hostels.

Here and there the Army is accused of being hard-hearted about these "evictions." But the blunt, simple truth has to be faced that there are not enough married quarters to house all soldiers' families. This is nobody's fault, except Hitler's. The Army builds all the houses it can, but it has no prior claim over civilians for building materials and labour. The Army's only course is to allot the existing quarters in the fairest way. Soldiers posted from abroad to a home unit get first claim on married quarters, even if it means the disagreeable course of turning out wives whose husbands are abroad; but the policy is to re-unite as many soldiers with their

families as the number of married quarters will permit.

And there are other reasons: housing shortage in overseas commands is even more acute than at home; and in some theatres the political situation prevents families joining their husbands. Wives who are now obliged to move can again apply for married quarters when their husbands return to Britain.

Some wives of husbands abroad may be able to find other homes. Some wives of soldiers serving in Britain may be able to join their husbands at their stations. For those who are unsuccessful the Army has provided hostels, which vary from former hotels to huddled camps. Every wife has a room of her own (in the case of a number of children extra rooms). The feeding is communal. There are lounges, playrooms, rest rooms and medical rooms.

Husbands, of course, will join their wives at the hostels when on leave. In some cases whole families — as in the case of Regulars returning from India — may be sent to the hostels pending posting orders for the husband.

SOLDIER in September published a description of life in one of the "families' villages" at Fayid, where there are the added distractions of heat and sand. The experiment proved to be working smoothly. A great deal depends on the spirit in which families tackle the communal life. Wives are encouraged to form committees and to make suggestions for improvements.

A home's a home. Nobody wants families' hostels to last for ever. Meanwhile the Army is being optimistic enough to hope that wives will gain in camaraderie what they lose in privacy.

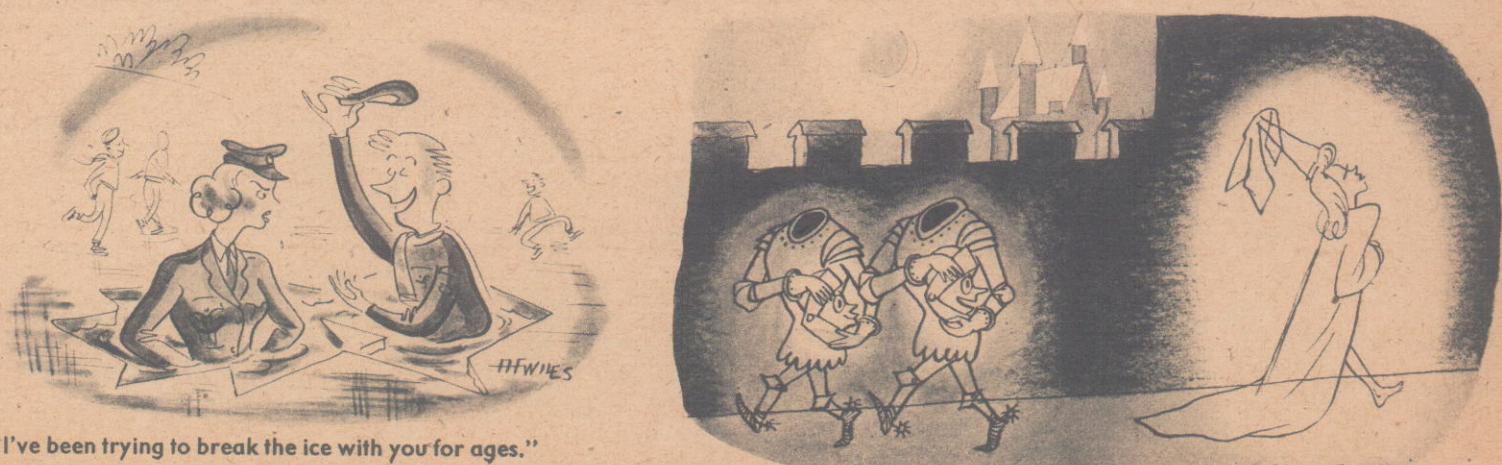
"DON'T volunteer for anything in the Army" is the advice of the old sweat.

Read the story on the opposite page of the soldiers who disregarded this advice and signed on for a nine months cruise in tropical seas, deferring their release to do so. Will these men regret having volunteered? **SOLDIER** thinks not. Bon voyage and safe havens to the men of LCT 1147 and MV 1514.

SOLDIER is keen to publish more stories about the exploits of British troops in the Far East, and would welcome any good "tip-offs." There must be no more forgotten armies.

"I was a soldier at that time of life when the feelings are most ardent and when the strongest attachments are formed. 'Once a soldier, always a soldier,' is a maxim, the truth of which I need not insist on to anyone who has ever served in the Army for any length of time, and especially, if the service he has seen has embraced those scenes and occasions where every man, first or last, from one cause or another, owes the preservation of his all, health and life not excepted, to the kindness, the generosity, the fellow-feeling of his comrades...

"Of this military feeling I do not believe that any man ever possessed greater portion than myself. I like soldiers, as a class in life, better than any other description of men. Their conversation is more pleasing to me; they have generally seen more than other men; they have less of vulgar prejudice about them. Amongst soldiers, less than amongst any other description of men, have I observed the vices of lying and hypocrisy." — William Cobbett, one-time sergeant-major in the 54th (West Norfolk) Regiment, later political firebrand and Member of Parliament.



The Sappers Build

1

Royal Engineers have re-built an historic church in Hamburg. The first English Church in the city was used by the Merchants Adventurers in 1611



Studying last-minute detail are Major H. A. Holt, Fritz Pahlke, the architect and Sergeant-Major A. D. Fraser, chief draughtsman.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH

"BY THE GRACE OF GOD THIS CHURCH WAS SPARED FROM TOTAL DESTRUCTION IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR 1939-1945.

IT WAS FULLY RESTORED BY THE DEVOTED LABOURS OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS DURING THE YEARS 1945-1947."

A marble plaque bearing this inscription in gold has been built into the wall of the Church of St. Thomas à Becket in the Zeughausmarkt in Hamburg.

Behind this simple statement lies the story, unique in the Army's history, of how the Royal Engineers re-planned and built again a piece of England in a market square on the banks of the River Elbe.

The church is one with a curious history. In the early nineteenth century it was for long the subject of violent disagreement between the British colony of Hamburg, the British Govern-

ment and the State of Hamburg. But it has survived two world wars and is now an Army garrison church.

Shortly after the Worshipful Company of Merchants Advent-

urers of England settled in Hamburg in 1611 the Hamburg State permitted them to hold religious meetings in a Guild chapel, and for nearly 200 years the members of the British Colony and visiting British seamen worshipped there. As early as 1633 the congregation was placed under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London.

Then in 1806 Napoleon's armies seized Hamburg and the affairs of the Merchants Adventurers were wound up, including their guild chapel, so that when the British colony began to drift back to Hamburg in 1814 they found the original concession

had been cancelled and they were without a church. After much haggling between the Hamburg Senate, the British colony and the British Government, the Senate agreed in 1834 to provide "in perpetuity" a plot of land at a yearly rental of 50 marks (then worth £3) on which an English church could be built. The assets of the old Merchants Adventurers clubhouse, which amounted to £1324, formed the nucleus of the building fund and immediately a subscription list was opened. The British Government agreed to contribute a sum equivalent to the voluntary subscriptions (although three years



First couple to be married in the church were Signalman John Bowyer and Private Rosemary Hawkins, ATS.

One of the cleanly-styled electroliers installed in place of the former gas lighting.



ON THE ELBE

later when the church was still not completed they refused to contribute "one penny more").

Several times the church committee almost called off the project. Many members of the British colony refused to subscribe because "they took rooted objection to the chaplain." Another gentleman wrote that he "would not give a farthing (a farthing) to save all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons from damnation and wishes them all in Hell".

When British troops entered Hamburg in May 1945 they found the church had been badly damaged by bombs. The foundations

had been penetrated by a large bomb which had not exploded, and the portico and north side of the church were smashed. The roof and floor were pitted with holes and the fittings and furniture were derelict.

To prevent the church collapsing work was begun immediately on under-pinning and strengthening the foundations. Lieut-Col. Charles Phipps, OBE, of 155 CRE (Construction and Maintenance) drew up the plans of reconstruction. Responsibility for carrying out the repairs fell to Major H. A. Holt and the men of 209 DCRE. The district was combed for materials and in a few weeks

German craftsmen, working under the Royal Engineers, had begun to rebuild the church. The roof was renewed to keep out the rain, the main structure was repaired and strengthened, the exterior and interior pillars were built up again, an electric lighting system was installed, the organ repaired and the floor was relaid with marble slabs almost identical with the original. Wood carvers built a new altar and pews to accommodate a congregation of 400. Gradually, the new Church of England began to resemble again the church which was first built over 100 years ago.

The verger of the church is a British woman who first became verger 23 years ago. She is Mrs. Mabel Wulff, a native of Newport (Mon.), whose accent still betrays her place of birth. She and her German husband lived in the verger's house, which is built into the church, during World War Two and on more than one occasion were in trouble with Nazi officials and the Gestapo because they refused to "co-operate".

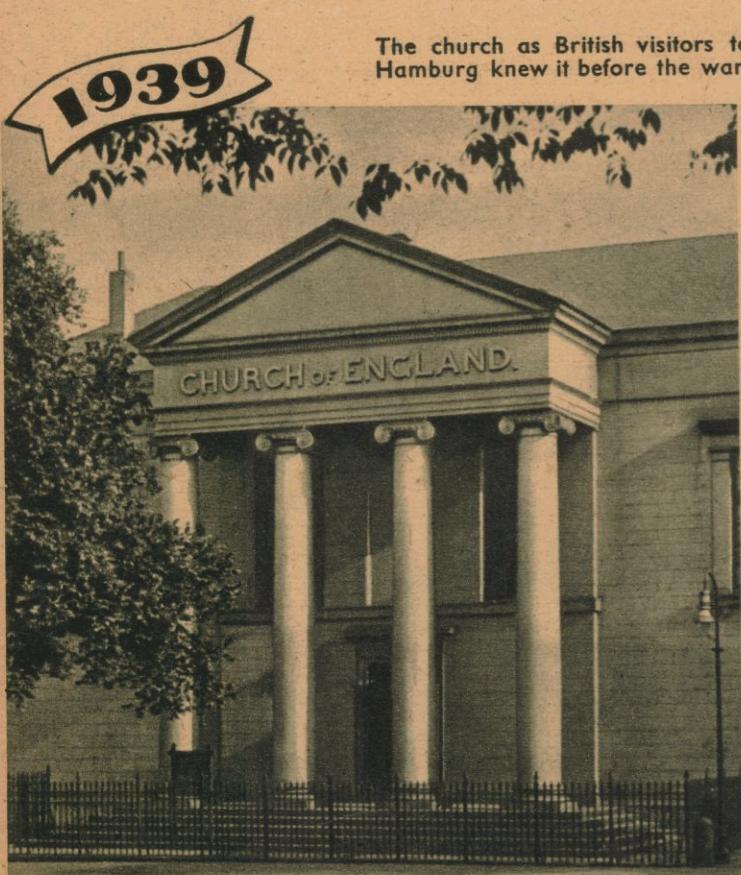
Services during the war were banned and the Germans filled the building with straw and horse fodder. When the "catastrophe" air raids of July 1943 destroyed thousands of homes the straw was removed and Mrs. Wulff threw the church doors open to 160 homeless people who lived there for several months. Later in 1943 a German firm used it as a warehouse, but left when a bomb partly destroyed the building.

The chaplain of the resurrected church is the Rev. G. H. V. Hart who is also Padre of the Missions to Seamen in Hamburg.

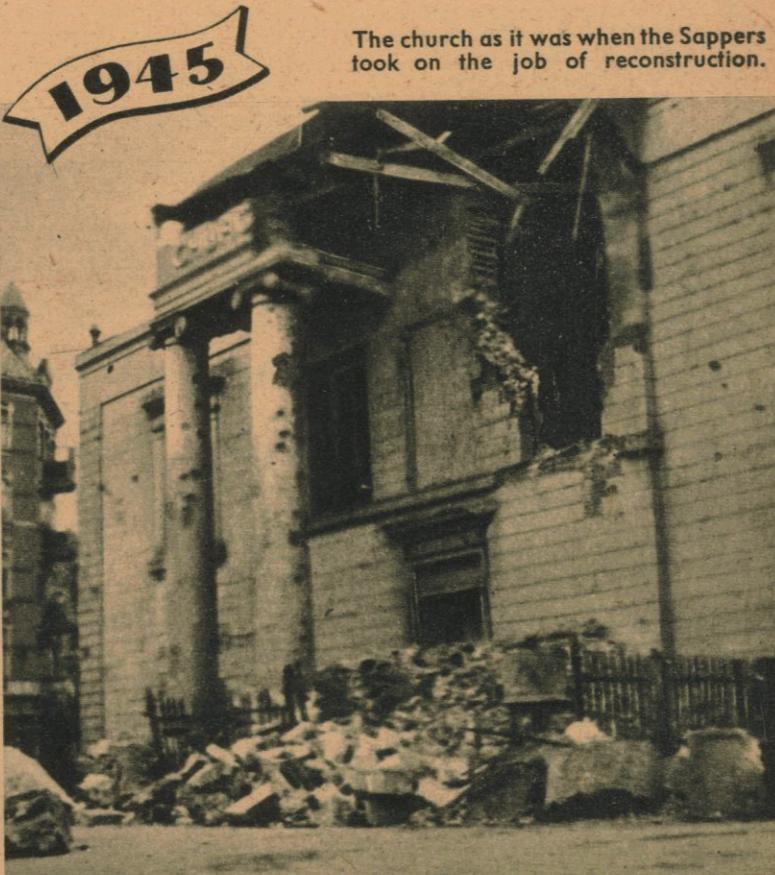
For as long as British troops occupy Germany the Church of St. Thomas à Becket will be Hamburg's Garrison Church; and when they leave it will remain a part of England in a foreign land.

E. J. GROVE.

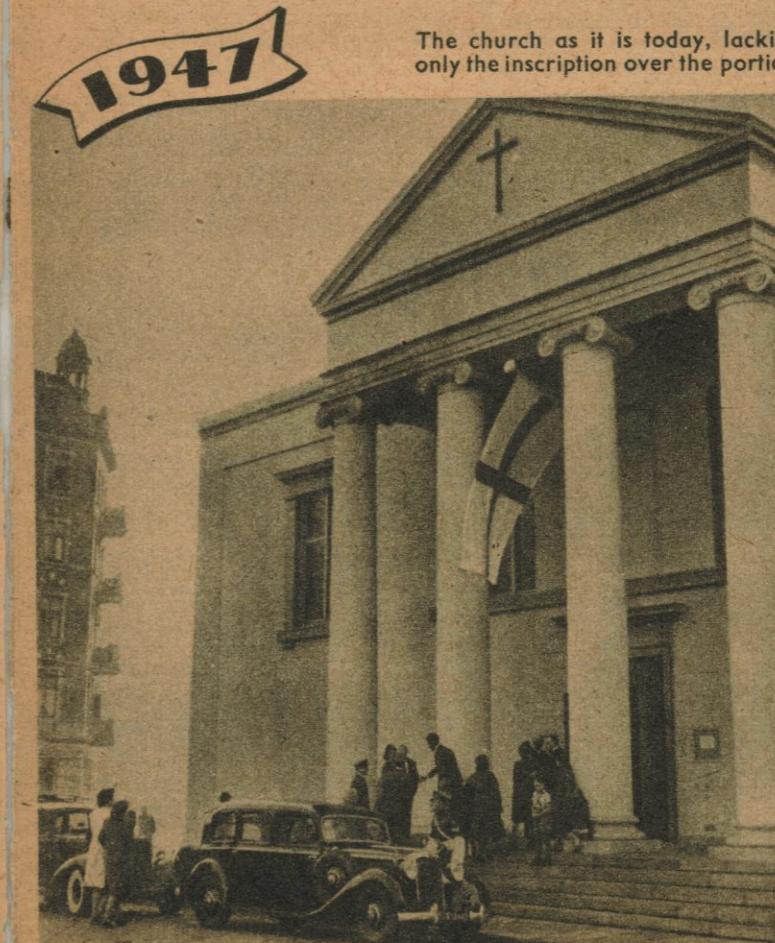
British-born Mrs. Mabel Wulff is verger of the church. She sheltered the homeless under its roof during RAF raids.



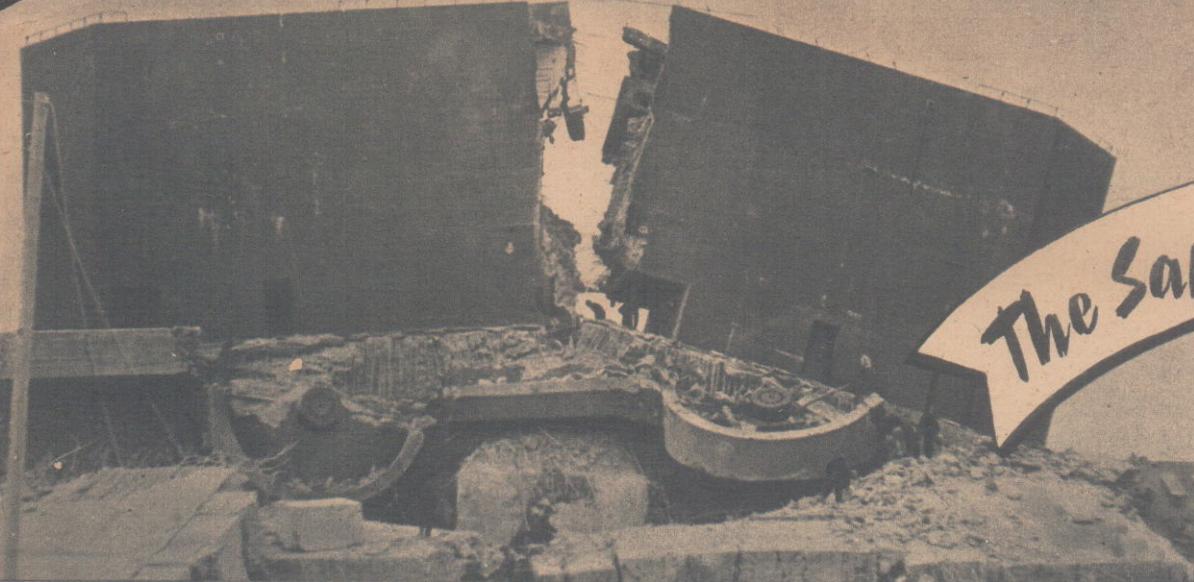
The church as British visitors to Hamburg knew it before the war.



The church as it was when the Sappers took on the job of reconstruction.



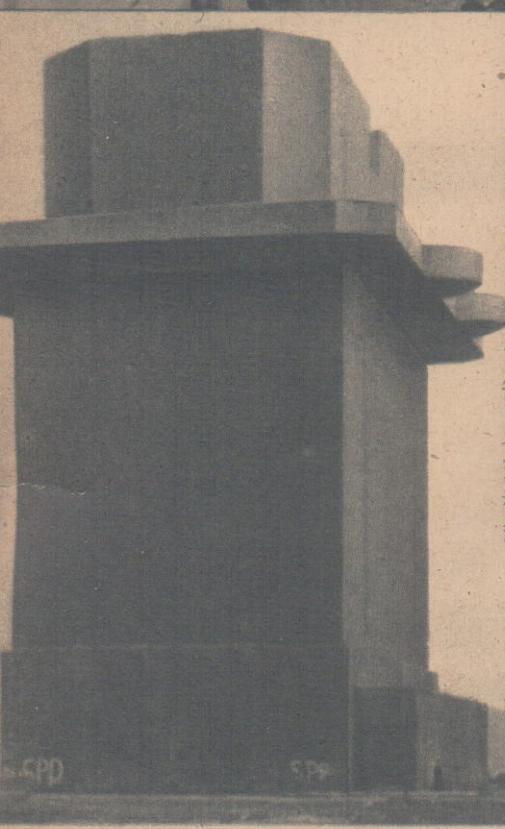
The church as it is today, lacking only the inscription over the portico.



The Sappers Destroy

2

How to wreck Hitler's flak forts without shaking down the half-ruined homes in the vicinity is a tough task for the Royal Engineers. The control towers are easier to topple than the main towers



Above: the walls of this flak control tower (pictured just before the explosion, left) collapsed and were half-pulverised under the gigantic roof platform, which broke in two as it crashed.

Felling The FLAK TOWERS

Left: to protect from blast the row of houses in background, Sappers filled and placed in position 70,000 sandbags. Centre: tamping in the last sandbags. No weak points were left through which the blast could waste itself. Right: Zero hour: Lieutenant W. Ferguson presses the button as Sergeant Ron Turner winds the generating handle.



NEWSPAPERS which record the "unsuccessful" blowing up of flak towers in Hamburg or Berlin as occasions for smirks and hand-shakes among German spectators do less than justice to the Royal Engineers charged with the job of demolition.

It would have been possible — as MP's were told in Parliament the other day — to reduce these mammoth structures to rubble by packing in prodigious quantities of high explosive; but the resulting blast would have shattered the walls and roofs of hundreds of patched-up dwellings in the hearts of cities already sufficiently stricken.

No headlines recorded the fact that in a recent Hamburg demolition the Sappers toiled to fill 70,000 sandbags merely to protect one row of German dwellings.

Hitler's flak towers, monstrosities erected to protect industrial and port areas when Allied

raids made orthodox anti-aircraft defence impossible, are all scheduled for early destruction. This is to comply with quadripartite decisions on the demilitarisation of Germany.

Usually the towers are in pairs — a main tower and a smaller control tower. It is the main tower which has proved a hard nut to crack.

To strengthen the walls — in some cases 12 feet thick — huge quantities of Germany's best steel were woven into the concrete. The towers rise some 120 feet above the ground. All were built by slave labour from Russia and the European countries Hitler conquered.

The Germans claim the towers were highly successful shooting down low-flying aircraft which could not otherwise be engaged, and in providing the safest possible shelter even against a direct hit by a "Ten Ton Tessie". Towards the end of the war the towers accommodated up to 30,000 people.

Since the surrender some of the towers have been used as store-rooms and offices, others as "transit hotels" for millions of homeless Germans and refugees. The most unexpected use to which one has been put is seen at St. Pauli in Hamburg, where nightly hundreds of Germans and British soldiers are entertained to a cabaret show. Much of the interior has been rebuilt and windows have been blown in the concrete walls.

SOLDIER recently watched the demolition parties tackle the pair of seven-storey flak towers at Wilhelmsburg, Hamburg.

Long before the "big bang" explosives experts of the Royal Engineers had carried out a scientific examination of the towers, calculating where and

how much explosive was needed. They decided to use the concussion method of demolition, to close up all the apertures of the towers with sandbags to contain the force of the explosion and literally to "shake down" the walls. In the control tower they would put eight tons of ammonal and in the larger gun tower 13 tons of a creamy-brown, rubbery plastic substance known as 852.

Plans were drawn up and a time schedule made. Then the Sappers really began work.

First there was the dismantling of the enormous diesel generators and lifts which used to supply the guns perched on the tower tops. One of those lifts is now doing overtime in Hamburg's Victory Club, taking soldiers to the third-floor canteen. The labyrinth of passages, store rooms and stairways had to be fitted with an emergency lighting system so that Sappers could see their way about. NCO's with small parties sought out all the openings which had to be closed and every weak spot which had to be strengthened to contain the blast.

And then came those sandbags... 70,000 of them. If you talk about sandbags to some of the Sappers who spent weeks filling them and putting them in position you are liable to be met with a frigid stare.

"The lads earned their pay," said Major J. F. Bedford, the Squadron's OC. "They worked harder than the slaves who helped to build the towers and got the job finished on time. The public see only a spectacular explosion — they know nothing of the sweat that goes into it."

Coming from the OC of "Bedford's Circus," as the Sappers of 346 Construction Squadron style themselves, that is praise indeed.

On the morning of the day the control tower was scheduled for destruction Lieutenant W. Ferguson's expert eye supervised the laying of the charges against the 9ft. thick buttresses and beams. They were checked and rechecked. Five minutes before zero hour the last sandbag was wedged into place, and the area was vacated.

Dead on time Lieutenant Ferguson pressed the button. When the mushroom of smoke and dust had cleared the flak tower was a rubble heap on which rested crazily the control platform which had been split clean in two.

Sergeant Ted Brown — the man his comrades call "Wrecker" — had held his head on one side knowingly when the explosion

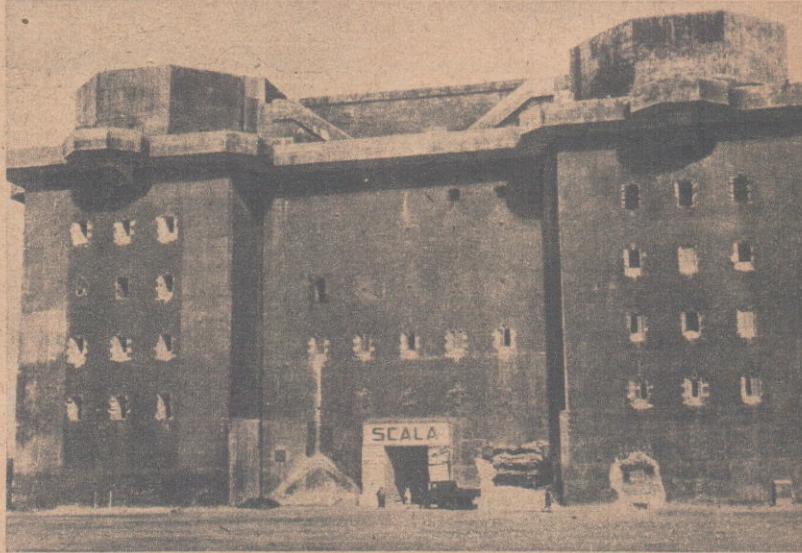
occurred and murmured, "It's a good job. That's just the right noise." It was.

Apart from one or two holes made by flying boulders not one of the houses in the terrace 100 yards away was damaged. Even a wooden shack only 30 yards from the Tower was undamaged.

All the German families living within 1000 yards of the tower were temporarily evacuated and many were convinced they would return to find their homes in ruins.

The main flak tower did not sag to the ground when the explosion was touched off. It may be the subject of a second attempt, or the experts may very well decide that it is so weakened as to be not worth bothering about.

ERIC JAMES.



Germany's only flak tower theatre is the Scala at St. Pauli, Hamburg. Here chorus girls go through their paces where thousands sheltered from raids. Window apertures were cut by explosives after the war.

THE TIERGARTEN TOWER

THE great flak tower in Berlin's Tiergarten is still standing. But thanks to the attentions of 338 Construction Company RE it is now about as suitable for a gun platform as the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The walls, which contain 80,000 tons of concrete, withstood the thrust of the explosive, but the inside was ripped out. Steel shutters hurtled from the windows and clanged down in the Tiergarten. Berliners came back to the scene and picked up shattered branches of trees for firewood.

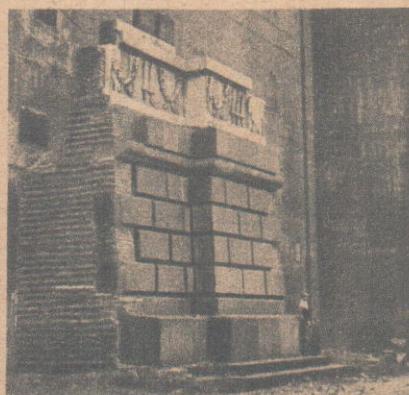
This job was the same in its essentials as the Hamburg one. It involved "a devil of a lot of humping," a spectacular explosion

and then a lot more navvying to clean up the mess. Shifting the explosive alone was a heavy task — there were 50,000 pounds of TNT and plastic explosive.

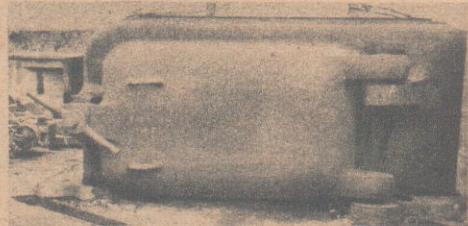
On the Tiergarten tower, which sheltered as many as 30,000 people, were sited the guns entrusted with the defence of the administrative heart of Berlin, including the Chancellery of Adolf Hitler. Saturation raids made adequate defence an impossible task.

It was originally planned to offset the excessive ugliness of the main tower with granite and marble reliefs portraying daggers, wreaths and iron crosses, and to list the names of war casualties on its enormous walls.

The control tower proved easier to destroy. It collapsed and fell in on itself, adding a new unsightliness to the scrap-heap of what was once Berlin's prized green space.



Left: on pedestals beside the Tiergarten tower Hitler intended to record names of war casualties. Centre: the roof door to an ammunition hoist which weighed 25 tons. Right: the explosion did not bring down the Tiergarten main tower, but walls were split and shutters sent flying.



Rhine Army's Fire Brigade landed on D-Day-plus-nine to guard a giant petrol dump. Now its firemen learn new fire-fighting techniques in streets which contain only skeletons of buildings

It's Not All Billiards

FIREMEN say you can always spot a fireman in a group of men playing billiards. He nearly always wins.

He gets more practice than most people because a fireman's job entails a lot of waiting about for something to happen. And as no fire station is ever without a billiards table, a fireman puts in a lot of time improving his cannons and potting.

The Army's firemen do not have quite so much time to spare because they're soldiers as well as fire fighters, but they do manage to get in a game now and again. The only Army fire fighting unit in BAOR — 96 Army Fire Brigade, RASC, whose headquarters are in Hamburg — make no special claim to fame as billiards players but, says the OC, Capt. Stewart Barton, they have "some useful men."

The unit, which mans three stations in Hamburg and one at the Hook of Holland, is the biggest brigade in the Army, with a total strength of 115, including three officers, an RSM, and a CSM. While most of its work is done in the Hamburg area, it must always be ready to answer calls from any part of northern Germany should units and the German fire services be unable to cope with outbreaks.

But a fireman's lot is not all billiards and riding through traffic lights clanging a bell. Apart from the normal duties he has to carry out as a soldier — guards, drills and so on — the Army fireman has to do three hours a day fire drill, attend lectures on subjects ranging from hydraulics to the chemistry of combustion, and carry out considerably more maintenance than the average soldier. Twenty-four hours out of 48 he may not leave the fire station precincts, in case there is a call. When there is a fire to put out, his job does not end when he gets back to his quarters. All the appliances which have been dirtied have to be cleaned, hundreds of feet of hose have to be tested and rewound, bright parts have to be polished, ladders examined in case they have been damaged.

But the men in 96 Army Fire Brigade like their work, although today few of them had any association with fire brigades in civvy-street. They have learned their job in the Army and have found it a fascinating one.

When the unit was formed in Britain before the invasion, it was composed of regular and AFS firemen of considerable experience. All those officers and men have gone but the tradition they built up remains.

They sailed from Tilbury on D-Day-plus-two for Port En Bessin where their job was to guard against fire destroying the vast stocks of petrol which had been built up there for the Allies. They advanced with 21st Army Group

through France, Belgium, Holland and Germany and it is claimed that they were the first troops to enter Hamburg; they moved in to take over fire-fighting equipment abandoned by the Ukrainians who had been conscripted by the Germans during the RAF raids.

The unit's field equipment was not suitable for dealing with fires in built-up areas so officers and men had to learn to use German equipment and they used it until modern British apparatus was shipped over to them.

Before being posted to 96 Brigade, the recruit receives six weeks arduous training at the Army Fire Fighting Centre, Colchester.

His training continues in BAOR as one of the six men who make up the crew of a fire engine, with the added advantage of practical experience. His "on-the-job" training is likely to be considerable since the unit sometimes gets as many as 14 alarms a day by 'phone, teletype and teletypewriter.

Besides the normal hazards of a fireman's life, firemen in Germany have peculiar troubles due to causes as widely separated as the weather and bomb damage. In the severe winters turn-tables have a habit of getting out of control because the oil around the bearings has frozen; water often freezes in the hoses; or there may be no water at all because everything is frozen up. In summer, there may be no water because it has dried up.

Says CSM. T. Forbes "You've got to be more alert than ever over here. Anything may happen while you are on the job. You have to be ready for things you would never bump into at home."

The heavy bomb damage suffered by cities like Hamburg also produces problems. With miles of streets nothing more than skeletons of buildings, new techniques for supporting escape ladders have to be worked out, extra care has to be taken in laying hoses, and the men have to watch not only the centre of combustion but the ruined buildings around it in case they collapse.

That is why the Army fireman in Germany does not have as much time to devote to the billiard table as his opposite number in the NFS.

Sergeant T. Burns instructs a fireman in the use of breathing apparatus, which taxes the new recruit.



JOHN HUGHES.

Number One expert on "brew-ups" is Mr. A. N. Banks, who tastes the Army's tea all day and then goes home — to a nice cup of tea

He Tastes Naafi Tea For A Living

WHEN a radio comedian cracks a joke at the expense of NAAFI tea there is one listener who smiles tolerantly. He is Mr. A. N. Banks, NAAFI's tea and coffee buyer and blender.

"Jokes or no jokes," says Mr. Banks, "the troops like NAAFI tea."

He ought to know. He has been in the tea trade since he left school 20 years ago, with a five-years break in the RAF at home, in the Middle East and in North-West Europe, during which he was able to appreciate the customer's point of view.

Once Britain's tea dealers bought tea from any land they fancied. Today two tea-producing countries — Java and Sumatra — are temporarily out of the market, and dealers receive allocations from the Ministry of Food. With these they do their best to maintain their blends. Mr. Banks's job is the delicate one of combining the various kinds he receives into NAAFI's five blends — one for institutions, clubs, canteens and so on, and four for the families' shops.

The tea is classified and graded according to the size of leaves under romantic names like Broken Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong and others. The classification gives Mr. Banks one clue to its attributes; he also knows the gardens from which it has come.

The rest is the work of his palate, his eye and his nose.

Tea-tasting is a job that can be learned only by years of experience. Firstly, Mr. Banks has a look at the dry leaf, to see how much dust, stalk or fibre there is in it. Then he makes himself a cup of tea.

But that is not quite so simple as it sounds. The custom of the tea-trade lays down a certain weight of tea — about the weight of a sixpenny piece — that must be carefully weighed out, brewed in a cup of standard size for six minutes and then poured off into a bowl of standard size. Then Mr. Banks spoons a little of it out, sips it and spits it out.

From that quick test he notes its "point" (which he describes as "something more than briskness"), its pungency, or astring-

ent effect on the mouth, whether it is flat or dull, and the general strength or body of the liquor. Then he examines the infused leaf, which tells him more about its quality, and smells it.

He then decides which teas to blend. Having selected his teas and decided their proportions, he mixes his blend which he tastes against a previous blend to ensure continuity of the NAAFI blend produced. Finally, he tries it with milk, to make quite sure it is just what he thinks the blend should be. After all that he may find it doesn't pack properly — is too bulky or not bulky enough for the packets. So he tries again.

"Tea-tasting is as personal an art as painting," says Mr. Banks. "In the same way that a painter will tell you whether one colour will go with another colour, so a tea-taster can tell you which kinds of tea will blend together — though probably neither can tell you in plain English why."

When his day's work is done Mr. Banks goes home and about nine o'clock in the evening enjoys a nice cup of tea made by Mrs. Banks — "under personal supervision," he says; with milk but without sugar.

When you talk to him about making tea, he grows stern. "A tea-blender," he says, "can spend hours and hours producing a really good tea and then the final making can ruin it. I've had some terrible cups of tea, flat and watery, that could have been good if only they'd been made properly. Now these are the points to remember:

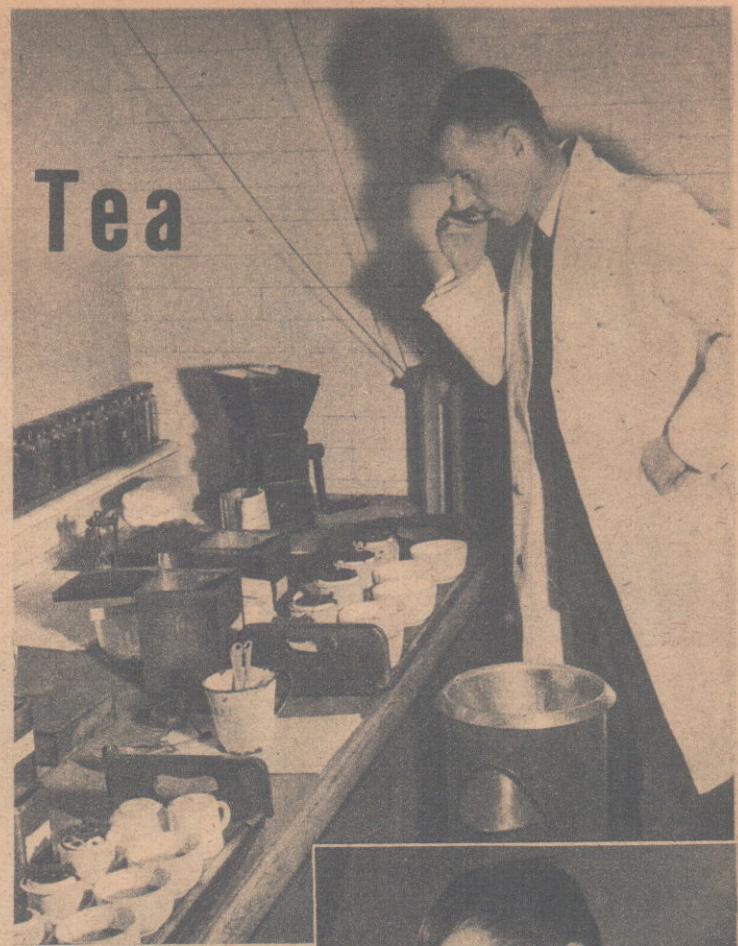
"Heat the tea-pot.

"Have freshly boiled water and pour it on the tea immediately it reaches boiling point.

"Don't let the tea brew more than six minutes — otherwise you get too much tannin."



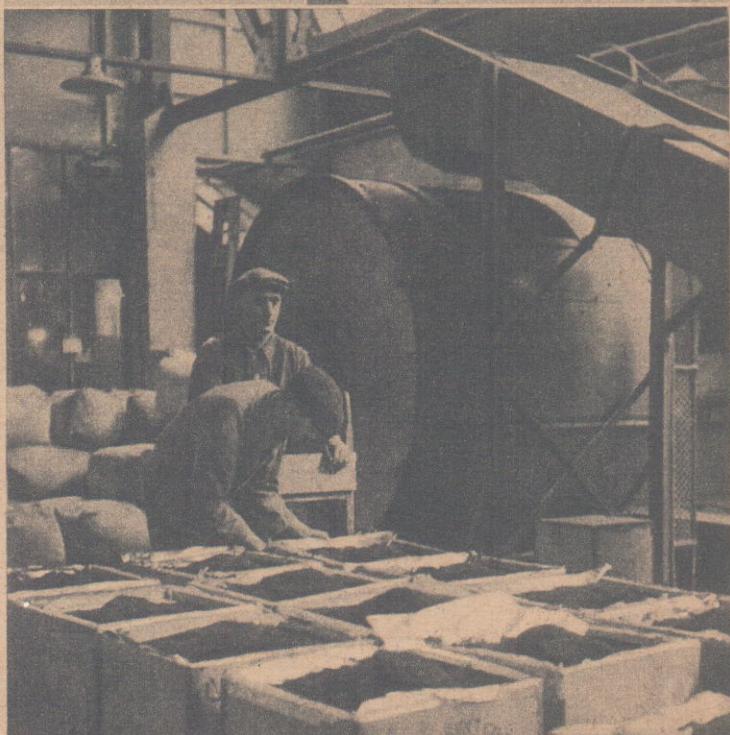
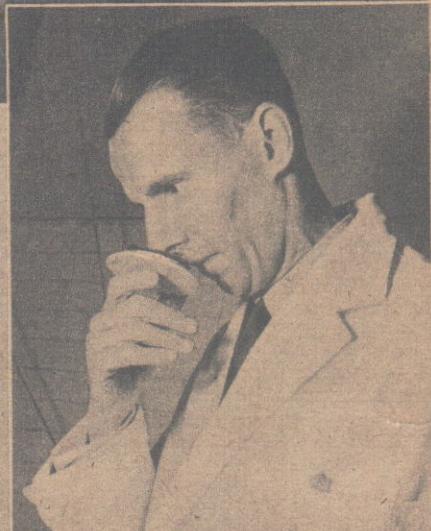
What does it feel like?
Hand-sifting is one of
the many tests of tea.



Above: Mr. Banks
sips a *soupcon* from a
soup-spoon, savours
it, spits it out.

After the tea has
been infused, Mr.
Banks examines
and sniffs the leaf.

When the tea-taster is
happy about the blend,
workmen mix it in
bulk in a giant drum.





Tank Corps beret, Highland pipes... and Senussi badge.

Senussi Wear The Black Beret

The black Armoured Corps beret that became as famous and as feared in World War II as the kilt of the Ladies from Hell in that other war still rides in the Western Desert. But its mount now is an Arab steed, not a Churchill tank; its wearers members of the Cyrenaica Defence Force.

Organised as the Libyan Arab Force to fight under British officers in the desert campaigns, Senussi tribesmen from the oases of Kufra and Jaghboub, served as scouts and guides for the armoured armies and the Long Range Desert Group.

Today criminal investigation, traffic and frontier control and long, lonely patrols on horseback among the tribesmen are some of the duties performed by the Force, 800 strong, which now has only 30 British officers and inspectors in administrative posts.

Pride of the Force and the people of Cyrenaica, who remain intensely loyal to Britain, is the "Cydef" pipe band. Trained by Pipe-Major William Speedy, of the Scots Guards, the Arabs proved apt pupils. On the band's first ceremonial parade the drum major's mace was created by an Arab tinsmith who soldered two headlamps together and fitted them onto a staff decorated with corrugations from an Italian sausage machine.

Now the most popular pieces played by the band as they march and counter-march in the main square of tree-shaded Barce, high in the Gebel (Mount) Akbar district, are the local tunes which have been transcribed for the pipes.



Sabratha: one of the ancient cities near Tripoli once garrisoned by the soldiers of Imperial Rome.



Thanks, but you should

YOUNG Artillerymen just arrived from Britain and unconsciously whistling the rousing American Marine march about the "shores of Trip-o-lee" quickly find themselves with a new theme after a look round Italy's ex-colonial capital of Tripoli, in North Africa.

It is "Sleepy Lagoon," for the town that launched part of the seaborne invasion of Sicily has recovered a lot of the old air of peace and restfulness it studiously adopted when Mussolini built it as Italy's holiday camp and empire exhibition town.

For all that, there is much to be done by the British troops who helped to make and now guarantee the peace in this unsettled corner of Libya. Until the four foreign Ministers decide who shall permanently govern the land that Mussolini seized from the Arabs and on which he spent millions of pounds to make a home for Italy's unemployed, British officers and men must maintain the "temporary" Military Administration there that is already in its fifth year.

The creation of a locally-enlisted police force; the supervision of housing and health services — all these and more come within the scope of the officers who form a "cabinet" presided over by Brigadier T. R. Blackley, a Sudan-trained administrator like many of his staff. Internal security is taken care of by British troops, chiefly the Second Army Group,

Khalifa Hanan, chief of the troglodytes, at the entrance to his cavern home.



Quintus Avidius... see Tripoli now

Quintus Avidius was a Roman centurion who studied the welfare of his troops in Africa's sands. Today's British Artilleryman has no cause to complain of lack of recreation in the Duce's one-time "holiday camp"

Royal Artillery (AGRA), which has recently been considerably reinforced so that re-organisation can be effected; the Cheshire Regiment and squadrons of the King's Dragoon Guards who provide small garrisons in lonely coastal towns like Homs and Misurata.

Off duty there is plenty to interest the soldier who finds himself temporarily surfeited with swimming and sunbathing. Sixty miles from Tripoli, reached by a desert road that shoots, like an arrow, straight across the parched plain and then winds 1200 feet up the face of an escarpment so steeply that drivers and passengers have to swallow hard to even the pressure in their ears is the quiet sun-and-white-washed village of Garian. Here Artillerymen are now training with modern equipment while only a few miles away a tribe of Jewish "cavemen" live underground, troglodyte fashion, as they did in the 4th Century BC. Lack of building material in the area forced their forefathers to cut homes for themselves in the ground at the foot of laboriously excavated pits 30 feet square, and the makeshift has stood the test of time.

In the ruined cities of Sabratha and Leptis Magna the spirit of soldiers in togas still lingers in the excavated streets and among the columns and statuary. In the museum at Leptis is a Latin inscription written by a Roman centurion who presented his comrades at a lonely desert fort with a swimming bath. In the Latin, his name is revealed acrostically by the first letter of each line as Q. Avidius Avintianus. The inscription runs:

I've pondered long how best commemorate —
Acting for every soldier in this camp —
Our common prayer and hope of safe return
To see our old folks and our sons to be.
While looking for a worthy god, at last
I found a goddess fit in name and nature
To be enshrined here in continual prayers.
Health, then, 's the name I've done my best to make
Holy while her cult lasts; to all I've given
Health's genuine waters, so that when the heat
Beats on these endless dunes, they may relax
And find relief in swimming from the sun's
And fitful ghibli's scorching. So if you
Feel really grateful for my work when your
Spirit revives within the seething breast,
Then don't forget to sound the honest praise
Of him who wished you fit for your own good,
But shout it out — and so please Health as well.

Such munificence on the part of a serving soldier is now no longer necessary, for Welfare takes care of these things.

On the outskirts of Tripoli is 201 Leave Camp, a holiday camp beside a blue lagoon opened by the Eighth Army in 1943. At present the camp is used mainly by troops in the area, but shortly an exchange leave scheme is to be inaugurated between Tripoli, Malta and neighbouring Benghazi.

In the 16th Century Castello, a ruin which was rebuilt by Marshal Balbo to provide him with a splendid suite of offices, troops spend quiet evenings reading or playing table tennis in NAAFI's "Castle Club."

"Sleepy Lagoon" indeed, Gunner Atkins, but a pleasantly clean and interesting corner of the dusty, dirty Middle East wherein to wake at the end of a noonday siesta.

STANLEY MAXTON.



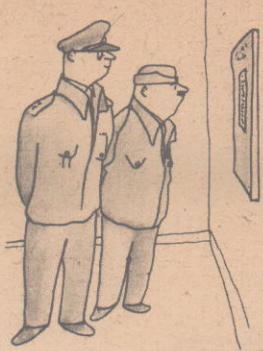
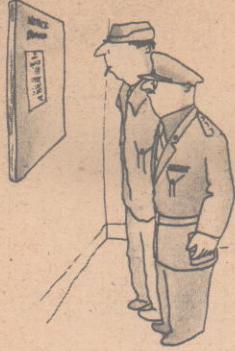
Two girls with a man on a string... These ATS/EFI girls are the crew of a home-made motor boat operating from 201 Leave Camp, Tripoli.

Boy in the Seven League Boots is the sign of PoW-driven vehicles.

Tripoli, once the springboard for the assault on Sicily, sleeps in the sun awaiting a new master.



Father and Son

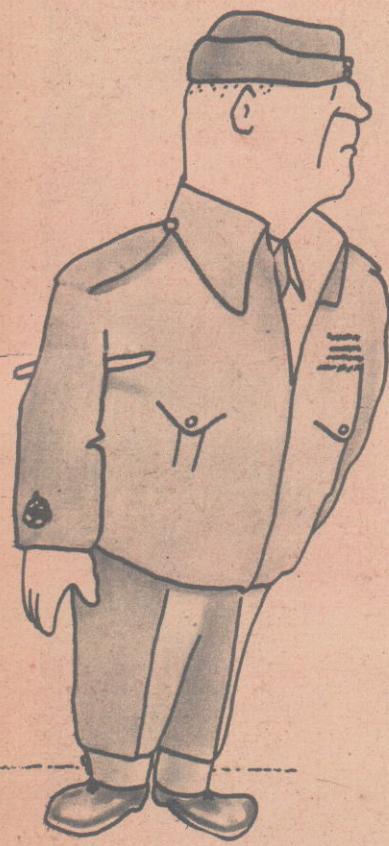


Son and Father



Territorial Types

by
Phelix



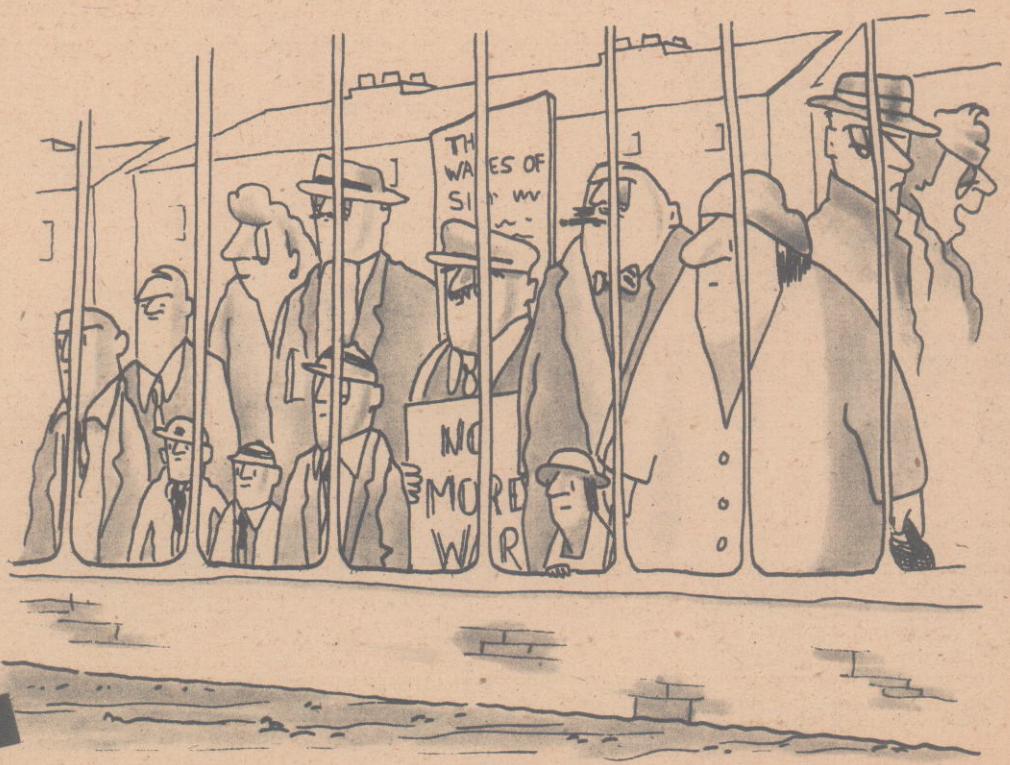
Permanent staff



Predictor number



Changing room



Spectators

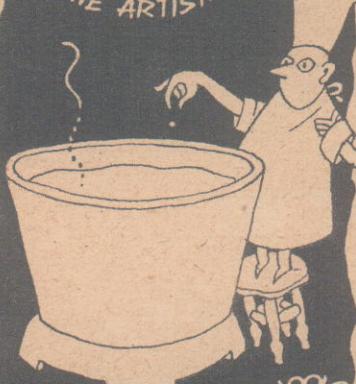
SOLDIER



KNOWS A KING'S CORPORAL



THE ARTISTS' ONE IDEA



ADVANCED COOKS' SCHOOLS



EPIDEMIC MOBILE TEAMS

FRANK FINCH

Wishes

a MERRY CHRISTMAS

- to the man who knows a man whose uncle was a King's Corporal;
- to the inventor of the unpolishable button;
- to the leaders of World War Two who are now growing mushrooms, ranching in Africa, running the Tote, ruling Dominions, bringing up coal, directing companies, boasting the British Council and writing their reminiscences;
- to OC Ravens, Tower of London;
- to Margaret Lockwood, who refuses to play the film part of a major's wife in love with her husband's batman;
- to all square-bashers, spud-bashers and bashers-on regardless;
- to Captain Dick Barton, RE;
- to the ATS who cooked for Mr. Attlee at Chequers; to the WRENS who have replaced them;
- to all members of pack bullock companies, underground cable sections, port identification parties, epidemic mobile teams, salt distribution units, paddy purchase departments, local procurement units, preventative abolition centres, flame warfare training teams, advanced cooks' schools, waterborne training wings, field transfusion units, equipment preservation workshops, road sign maintenance units, compressed gas depots, refrigeration units, liquidation staffs, reproduction sections and animal management schools;
- to the man who applied for WRENLEAVE;
- to all the artists who have ever drawn a picture of a dishevelled company office and called it "The Orderly Room";
- to swill inspectors, work ticket inspectors and inspectors of feet after route marches;
- to dispensers of rail warrants, sleeping-out passes, "excused PT" chits and late meal chits;
- to the American columnists still fighting the battles of Normandy;
- to the War Office, author of How To Open A Packing Case;
- to all who fire mid-day guns and blow bugles at Assizes;
- to cadets who hitch-hike 500 miles on seven-pence halfpenny;
- to soldiers detailed to shift meat, plug dykes, repatriate tourists, put out common fires, act in films and dance in ballet;
- to all soldiers who have served in the Army longer than anybody else;
- to all readers of SOLDIER.



ROAD SIGN MAINTENANCE

BUGLERS AT ASSIZES...

PARTY PAGES

LABELS ON THE DOOR

HUMOROUS artists have been ringing the changes on the notice-on-the-door joke for years.

Can you offer them any new ideas? If you study the examples below you will get the idea — and you will be able to solve the elementary cryptogram on the door of MI 5.

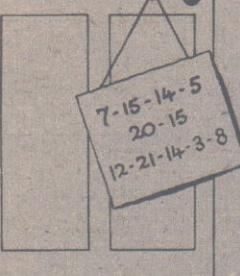
Name on Door

STEAMSHIP COMPANY
CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST
"TRUE CONFESSIONS"
MAGAZINE
PROFESSOR OF DANCING
SHAKESPEAREAN
REPERTORY COMPANY
CLOCK REPAIRER
HULA-HULA TEACHER
ALBERT EINSTEIN
J. WALKER
SERJEANT-MAJOR

Notice on Knob

OUT TO LAUNCH
GONE TO DIN-DIN
OUT WITH THE OTHER
WOMAN
BACK IN A MINUET
"OUT, OUT, I SAY — OUT!"
BACK IN A TICK
BACK IN TWO SHAKES
BACK YESTERDAY
BACK IN ONE HOUR DEAD
BACK FIVE MINUTES
BEFORE TIME

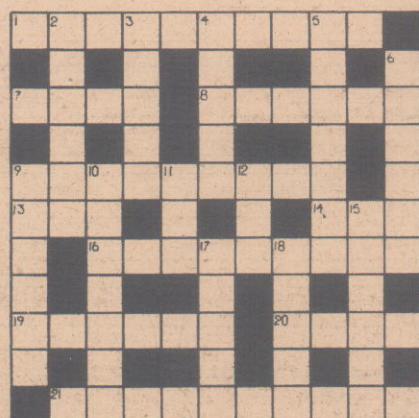
WAR OFFICE
MI5



C.I.G.S



CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1. Bat and corn combine to dodge duty. 7. Expectorated ankle-shield. 8. They make a famous drink in Devon. 9. Fifty, and so be it, and the bus conductors' bell-ringing. 13. Simplest of figures. 14. Lady of the roost. 16. Noted in reverse.

followed by a little Edward.

19. He mimicked.
20. Open-mouthed stare.
21. "Leo's solemn" (anagram—two words).

DOWN:

2. Bereft of parents.
3. Handle of nobility.
4. Alter.
5. Long hit makes it dark (two words).
6. Rise.
9. Hate a swear-word with a head and tail.
10. Intervene.
11 and 12. Idea.
15. Fish dish (two words).
17. Those days once upon a time.
18. English prefix.

(Answers on Page 43)



(Answers on Page 43)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Pukka sahib in this picture is — Robert Donat in "Trader Horn"; Roger Livesey in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"; David Hutcheson in "Vice Versa"; The Editor of SOLDIER.
2. "It Was Christmas Day In The Workhouse..." Who wrote the authorised version?
3. The fastest animal on four legs is a greyhound, kangaroo, springbok, cheetah—which?
4. If you were told you were eupptic, you would be well advised to — take more Vitamin C; make your will at once; carry on just as you are; see a psychiatrist.
5. Who was Momus?
6. If you saw "K2tog" which would you be looking at — A War Office signal to Kenya garrison; a chemist's code for a lumbago cure; knitting instructions; the answer to a chess problem?
7. In this picture is the only general who kept the same command through-

- out World War Two. Who is he?
8. "Gee" helped to win World War Two. What was it, or who was he?
9. If you were serving in the Army for a lustrum, you would be released after nine months, three years, five years, 50 years—which?
10. Any mistakes in this sentence: "He was privileged to see a curious phenomena on the peninsula"?
11. Polio is the American name for the disease which we know as—what?
12. Is there such a thing as a white rainbow?
13. What was the name of the Hollywood film, issued in 1945, which was withdrawn because of the howl it raised from British soldiers in SEAC?
14. Statistics show that the average Englishman, the average Scotsman, the average Welshman and the average Irishman all differ in height. Arrange them in what you think is their descending order of magnitude.

(Answers on Page 43)

What's Wrong With This Picture?



On this page is a photograph purporting to show a scene in London when the news of D-Day was announced.

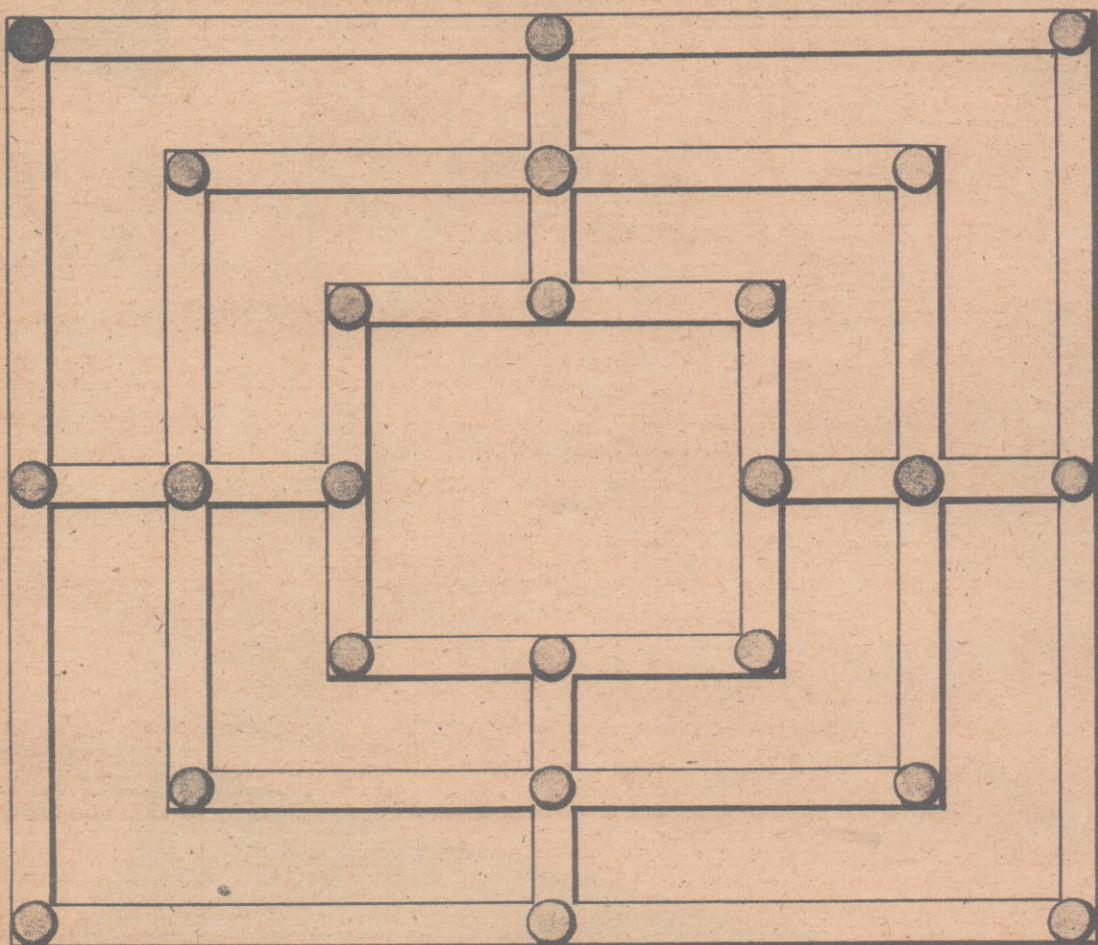
There are a number of deliberate mistakes in the picture. How many can you spot?

Note: the soldier is wearing a RASC walking-out cap. You are not expected to be able to read anything in the newspapers except the titles.

Compare your list of mistakes with that on Page 43.



WHY NOT TRY SHAKESPEARE'S GAME?



HERE'S a new vogue for Nine Men's Morris, the game they played in Shakespeare's time.

On the board are 24 bases, all linked with their neighbours.

Two players start with nine counters each, one set of counters being of a different colour from the other.

The players place their men alternately on any base they like, with the idea of getting three of their men in a line, either up and down or across.

When a player succeeds in getting three counters in a row, he can remove any one of his opponent's counters from the board.

When all the counters have been placed on the board (during which process counters may be forfeited) players continue to move counters alternately from base to base.

A player may move a counter only to a base adjacent to the one it is on, and only if it is not occupied by another counter.

A counter can be forfeited only when the opposing player establishes a line of three.

When one of the players is reduced to three counters he has the privilege of jumping from one base to another — that is, to any base so long as it is vacant. It need not be an adjacent base.

The player with more than three counters must continue to move in the same way, until he wins or is himself reduced to three.

The game ends when one player has only two men left.

CHRISTMAS SOLDIER HUMOUR



"This is the last time I spend Christmas Eve with a man in the Reconnaissance Corps."

"Christmas Day or no Christmas Day, he says, the Fire Piquet will be on duty."

"Evidently, Blenkinsop, it didn't occur to you that the junior officers were being a trifle facetious when they referred to a fancy dress ball."



"Yes, dear... yes, I know. It must have been terrible. Well, look, I must ring off now."



... omitting the verse about 'Wealth or rank possessing'.



*Daddy,
why didn't you come home
for Xmas?"*

TO GREETED GREETINGS

HERE are two historic Christmas cards. The one bearing the face of a wistful child was dropped in leaflet form by Nazi propagandists with the idea of damaging the morale of sentimental, home-sick GI's.

There were other variations of this card. One showed a little (American) girl telling her mother: "I want to ask where my Daddy is. He intended to be back home by Xmas. In his last letter he wrote that the President had promised there will be peace at Xmas time."



Below is reproduced one of Adolf Hitler's Christmas cards, dated 24 December 1935. It is addressed to Gretl Braun, sister of Eva. Gretl hung around the Führer in the early days, but latterly appears to have been edged out.



THE FLAME ON THE WATER... OR THE STAR IN THE SKY?

THIS is the briefest of Christmas sermons. The real Christmas sermon is on the opposite page: an old-fashioned sermon, full of fire and brimstone.

In the sands of the New Mexico desert where the first atom bomb was exploded the scientists found a substance resembling green glass.

This worried nobody until a newspaper reported that in the Middle East archaeologists, digging down under the traces of a succession of great civilisations, long dead and overlain, had finally come upon a substance which looked like — green glass.

Scientists may be able to explain that away. They will admit that it makes a frightening story.

Today, at the third Christmas of the Atomic Age, there are some who are disappointed because the birth of the bomb did not frighten mankind into a godlier way of life; that, in all too many cases, it has confirmed men in the paths of self-interest and cynicism.

Why is this?

Because a great threat is less likely to fire the minds of men than a great idea.

Where then is the great idea? It has been with us all along. An old idea which remains obstinately up-to-date, called Christianity.

Oddly enough it was a man with a powerful reputation as a cynic who, when asked what were his objections to Christianity, replied that he had none. He thought it was a good idea, and that we ought to try it some time.

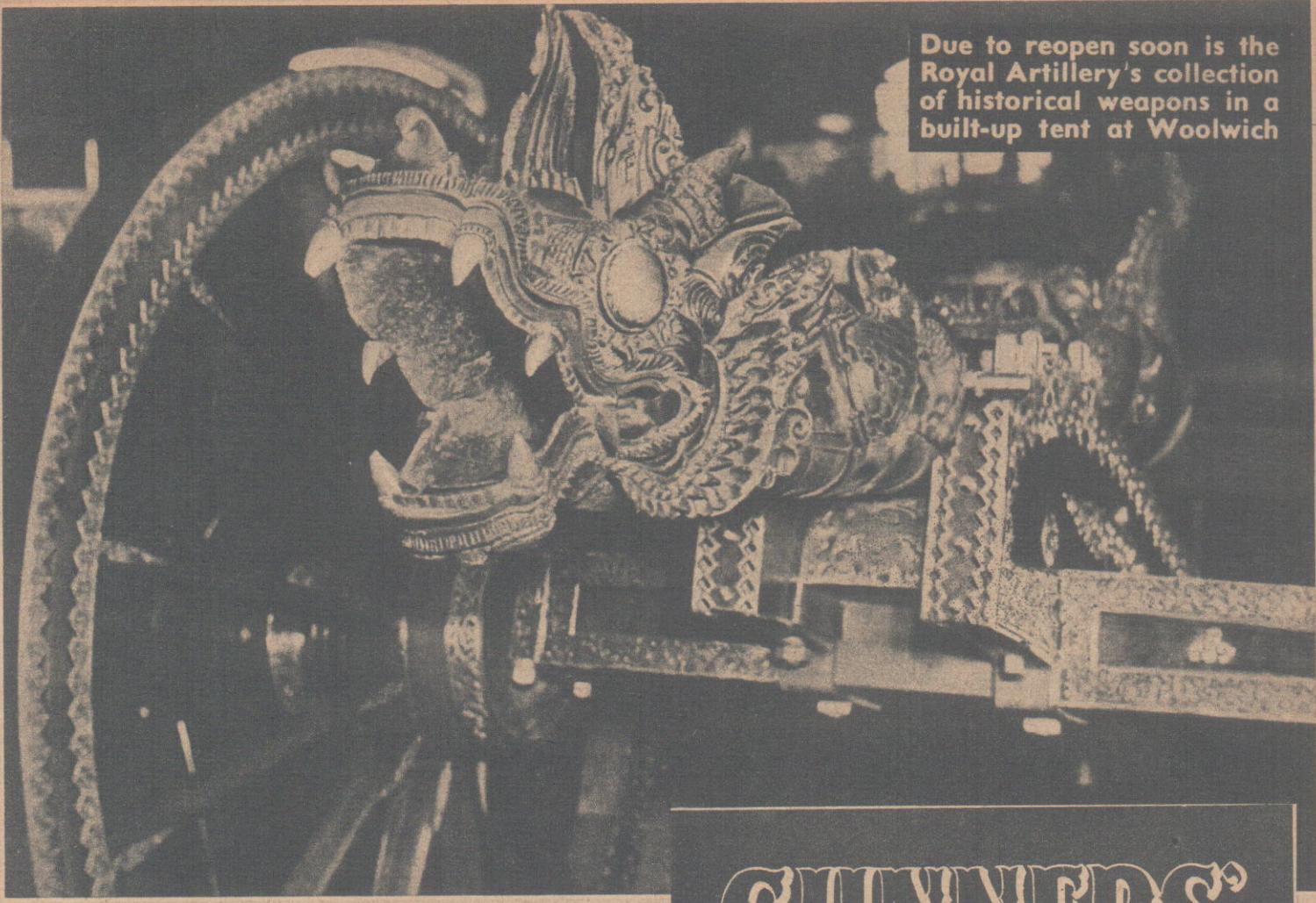
A flippant answer. Or was it?

Today man has the choice of two lights to lead him: the great flame which sobered the scientists amid the Pacific atolls, or the bright Star which led the Wise Men over the deserts of the ancient world to Bethlehem.

Bikini Atoll: this historic colour photograph was taken in the initial stages of the atom bomb explosion.



Due to reopen soon is the Royal Artillery's collection of historical weapons in a built-up tent at Woolwich



This is the elegant muzzle of a Burmese gun presented to Queen Victoria in 1886. The gun is at the artillery museum in the Woolwich Rotunda.

AT first sight the Woolwich Rotunda seems to be a tent. Its pointed roof acts as a landmark above the red and grey buildings of the garrison, with all the formal qualities of a bell tent built from bricks and mortar.

This impression is confirmed by the interior. The lead roof and brick walls do in fact conceal a canvas tent.

Originally set up in St. James' Park to celebrate the visit of Allied sovereigns to Britain in 1814, the Rotunda created a record in bell tent sizes. Supported by iron struts and wooden scaffolding, it boasted a diameter of 116 ft. It was moved to Woolwich and in 1820 filled with the collection of weapons from the Arsenal Repository, which had been burned down some 18 years previously. Soon afterwards a centre-pole was fitted and the sides and roof covered over and

it became the museum of the Royal Artillery.

Among the exhibits outside the building are a 9 pdr. rifle muzzle loading gun of 1886, the last of its kind which has achieved immortality as the model for the badge of the Royal Artillery, and a weapon which, at first sight, looks like one of a "Z" Battery's projectors, and is the first recorded example of a rocket gun. It was used at Waterloo.

Inside the Rotunda exhibits show the development of the field gun from the original Bombard, a cumbersome affair which fired stone catapult shot at Crecy (1346) to the gun which carried the coffin of HM King George V. This gun was towed for part of its journey through London by Naval ratings — a custom dating back to

the funeral of Queen Victoria when the horses got restless in bad weather and the Navy was asked to help.

Among the first field guns is one which spent 291 years beneath the sea. It is a muzzle-loader which went down with the *Mary Rose* off Spithead in 1545 and was salvaged in 1836. This gun, battered and stripped by the sea, gives an interesting insight into how the early gunsmith manufactured his barrel. It was made from planks of steel sealed together by molten metal with bands strengthening the joints like hoops on a beer barrel.

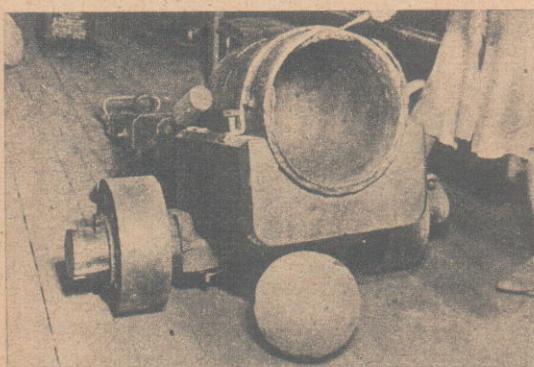
The earliest breech-loader in the museum is a gun named the "Peterara", built in 1461. The method of loading in those days was simple: the breech was lifted out of the gun, filled with gunpowder, returned, and locked into place.

Rifling was introduced in the year 1855 when a Mr. Armstrong conceived the idea of shells covered by a layer of soft lead; the force of the propellant

charge was to drive the shell up into the harder metal of the barrel rifling which cut a groove into the lead. Breech-loading became impossible under the Armstrong method of rifling, for when the gun was fired the vent-piece blew out. To overcome this the designers returned to the idea of muzzle-loaders, the new gun being named "rifle muzzle loading".

Many of these antique guns have their aesthetic appeal. A French gun of 1619 is resplendent with silver and gold inlays; an Indian gun presents a fresco of brass figures around the mounting; and a Burmese gun, presented by King Theebaw to Queen Victoria, has an elaborate bronze barrel carved in the shape of a dragon.

Automatic weapons are represented under two headings — pom-poms and machine-guns. The former include a British pom-pom from the Boer War, operated in much the manner of a Vickers MG, and an ingenious 10 barreled weapon fed by a plate containing 130 rounds. Another pom-pom is an American job of



This is Britain's first mortar—the Bombard (after which bombardiers are named). The bombard fired a concrete ball. It was first used at Crecy.

GUNNERS' MUSEUM

1876, equipped with four barrels to avoid overheating

The development of the machine-gun is traced from the Gatling, a multi-barrelled weapon based on the revolver (it was invented by Colt of pistol fame), to the Maxim—the first belt-fed MG.

There is a display of rifles and bayonets dating from the 14th century to the Ross rifle of 1914. The first rifle on record needed two men to fire it: one to aim and fire, and a second to support the weapon on his shoulder. The latter was replaced by a forked stick in later versions of the matchlock.

The career of the bayonet is a pretty straightforward one. Occasionally its progress was interrupted when it became to all intents and purposes, a sword, but in the main its application has been constant. One ingenious rifle had the bayonet fixed to the end of the barrel, then folded back, and held by a catch in the area of the piling-swivel. When the soldier wished to use this weapon, he released the catch, and a spring shot the bayonet into the "ready" position. The earliest bayonets were held in the muzzle of the rifle.

Japanese Swords

Other small arms in the possession of the Rotunda include a collection of Eastern knives with an emphasis on the Japanese two-handed sword and its bamboo training version.

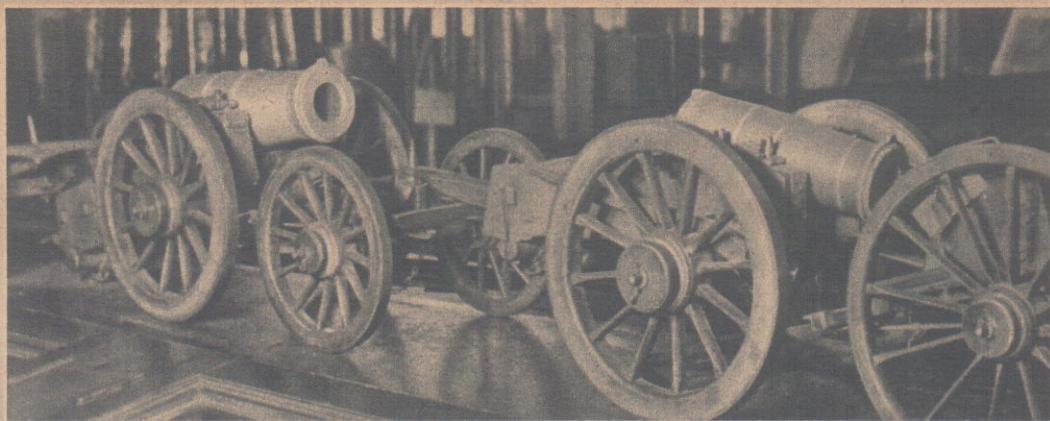
One of the more sensational exhibits is a 2,395 lb. shell from a 36-inch mortar ordered for the Crimean War. This weapon had a range of 2,769 yards, cost £14,000 to build, and exploded the shell by means of a time fuse. The mortar, which stands in the grounds of the Woolwich Arsenal, was finished too late to be used in action.

The Rotunda has a delegate from the school of crazy inventions—a half-finished model of a machine-gun, operated by an electric motor, the object of which was to fire bullets without an explosion. The inventor died too soon to prove his point.

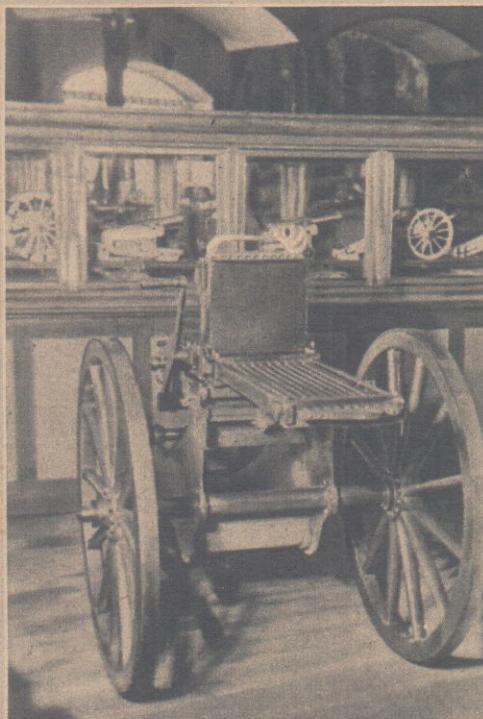
Other antiquities include a clock invented by William Congreve, inventor of the rocket, which was presented to the Prince Regent in 1801. This approached perpetual motion by a mechanism operated by a ball running up and down a brass plate balanced on a knife-edged fulcrum. Another exhibit is £7,500,000 worth of ashes: the remains of the old banknotes which were burned in 1844 when the £1 note was suppressed.

When part of the old barracks at Woolwich was pulled down in order to build a new dining hall, a small lead coffin was found in the plaster. When the coffin was opened, it was found to contain the body of a bird. The Rotunda Museum now acts as tomb for this carefully interred sparrow.

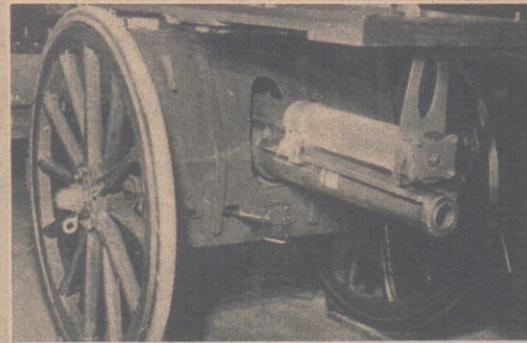
RICHARD GARRETT.



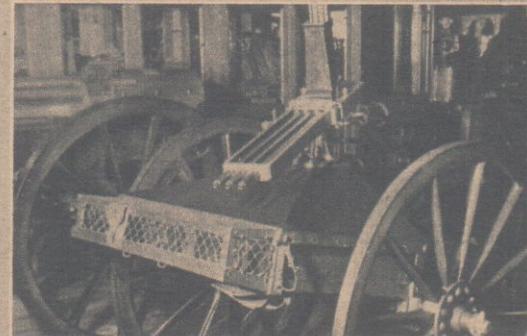
There are numbers of models of early field pieces like these in the Woolwich Museum.



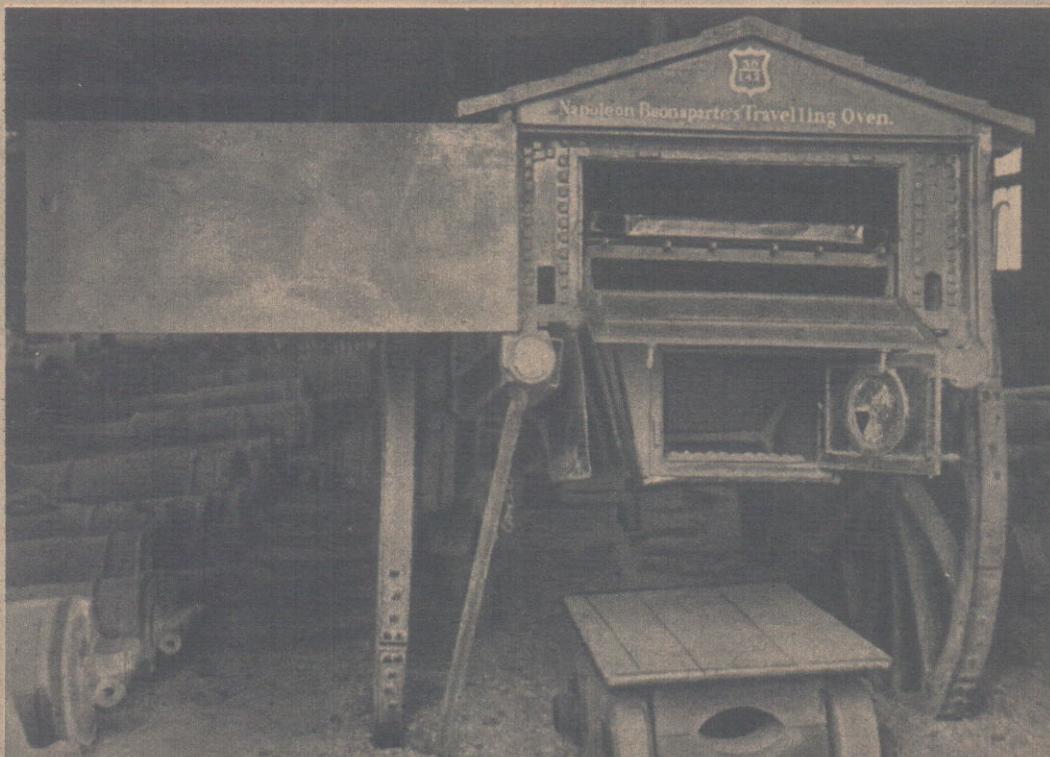
This gun, built in 1881, fired ten rounds simultaneously from a plate which held 130 rounds.



Here is a gun which was used to carry the body of King George V through London. It was pulled by bluejackets.



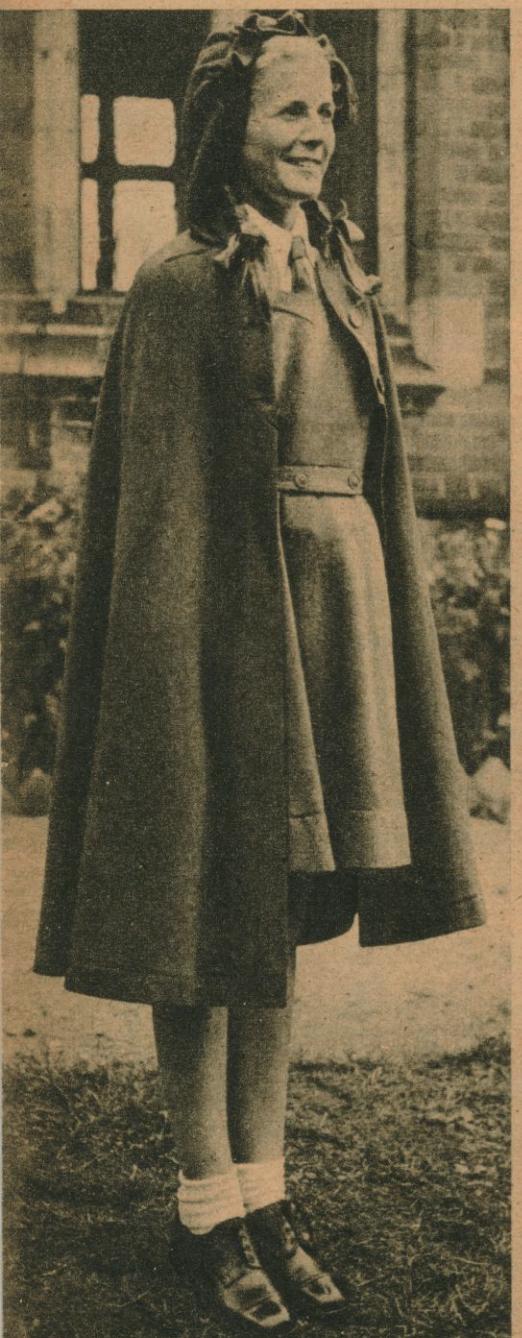
A three-barrelled machine-gun is one of the early automatic weapons.



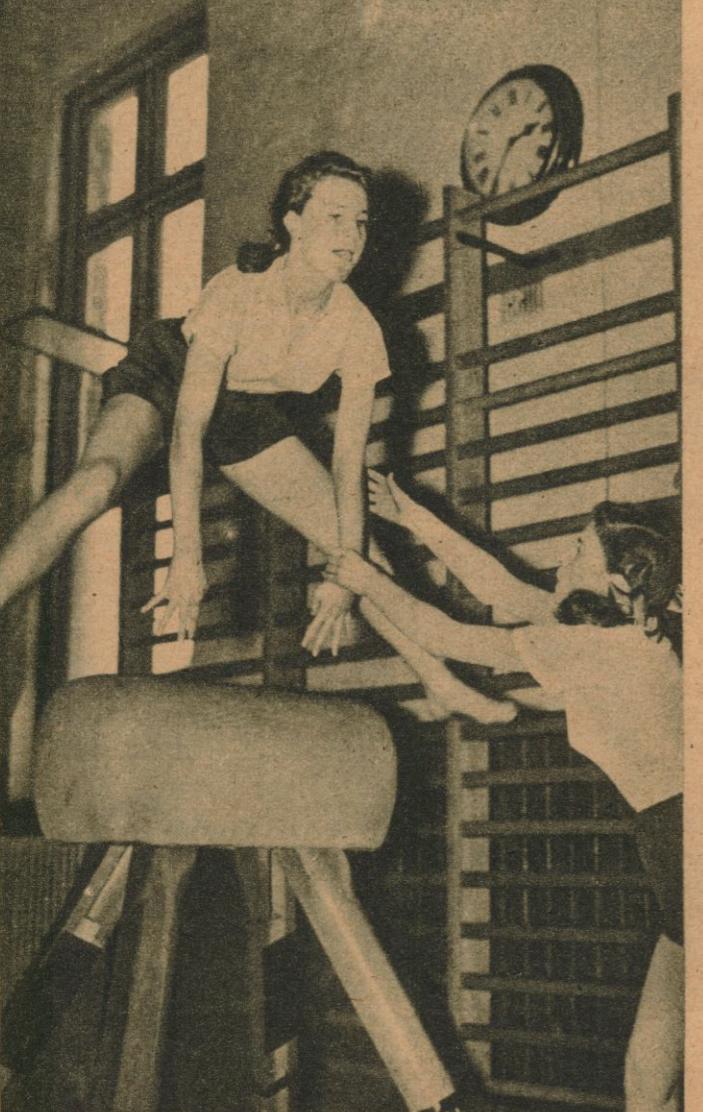
This one has strayed from the Army Catering Corps museum: it is Napoleon's travelling oven, equipped to bake fresh rolls for an Emperor.



Badges are worn on the left breast. Regimental pride blossoms early.



The Red Riding Hood cloak — and it is red — makes a colourful over-dress for walking out. The girl is Margaret Longley, aged 15. She wears the Ordnance badge.



Over the top — and let's hope she doesn't bite her tongue. The Infantry (as usual) is helping the Engineers.

IN a large red-brick house in Hampstead are a hundred school-girls who wear proudly on their neat grey tunics the regimental badges of their fathers. They are pupils of a boarding-school run specially for the daughters of soldiers.

Some are chubby-faced youngsters of three or four who have not long entered its doors. Others, girls of 17, have spent ten or 15 years there and will soon be leaving to go to work.

These children of the Royal Soldiers Daughters' School have made its airy dormitories, its large dining hall and the stretch of lawn at the back their home. Many of them are the daughters of men who died in World War Two; some have lost both parents; some have both parents alive but stationed overseas. One soldier has four daughters at the school.

Started in 1855 as a memorial

Secretaries, nurses, Service girls all over the Empire owe their start in life to the Royal Soldiers Daughters' School, where the pupils' cloaks are in the Army's old-time scarlet

In the kindergarten the children like drawing and painting best... and they like comfortable attitudes in which to work.

The girls are happy, are fond of singing — they have their own choir — run their own Guide troop and go on educational tours of London. Those over 12 are allowed out in pairs and may go to cinemas.

When they leave they often become secretaries or nurses, or join the Services. One became a detective in a store.

Many old girls come back, some after many years. Recently one brought her children to show them where she spent her girlhood. Others have sent their children to be educated there.

In 1938 Queen Mary visited the school. In one class-room a four-year-old looked up at her and asked: "Are you the Queen?"

"I am," was the reply.
"Well, you may kiss me, then."



THE GIRLS WHO WEAR

to the Crimean War this school in Rosslyn Hill (it includes two adjacent buildings) was known originally as the Soldiers Infants' Home. Later the title Royal was added and last year it received its present name.

But its object — to provide education and a Church of England background for the daughters of men below commissioned rank who are unable to provide it themselves — has never altered. Uniforms are provided, including a scarlet hooded cloak, and the school is supported from public funds. Many units give donations annually.

The school is run like any other school with the normal holidays. Children who have no parents or relatives have holiday homes found for them. Recently some of the girls spent a month in Denmark as the guests of a Dane who wished to express his appreciation of Britain's part in the war. Their travelling expenses were paid by friends in England.

Because it was considered impossible for the school to carry out the terms of its trust while under the direction of the local authority, which is empowered by the 1944 Education Act to direct the children over 11 to outside schools, it was decided to become an independent primary and secondary boarding school — hence the removal of the name "home." The buildings have never been a home in the institutional sense.

THEIR FATHERS' BADGES



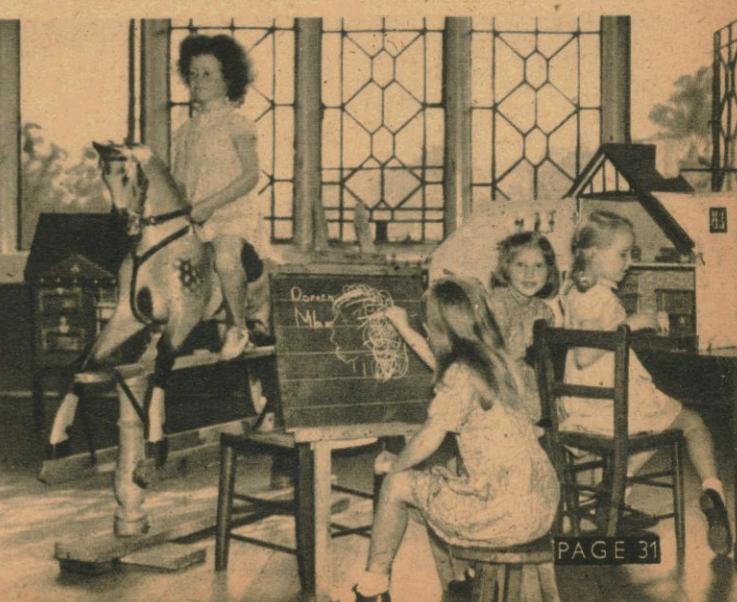
The Fifth Form. Life is real, life is earnest...



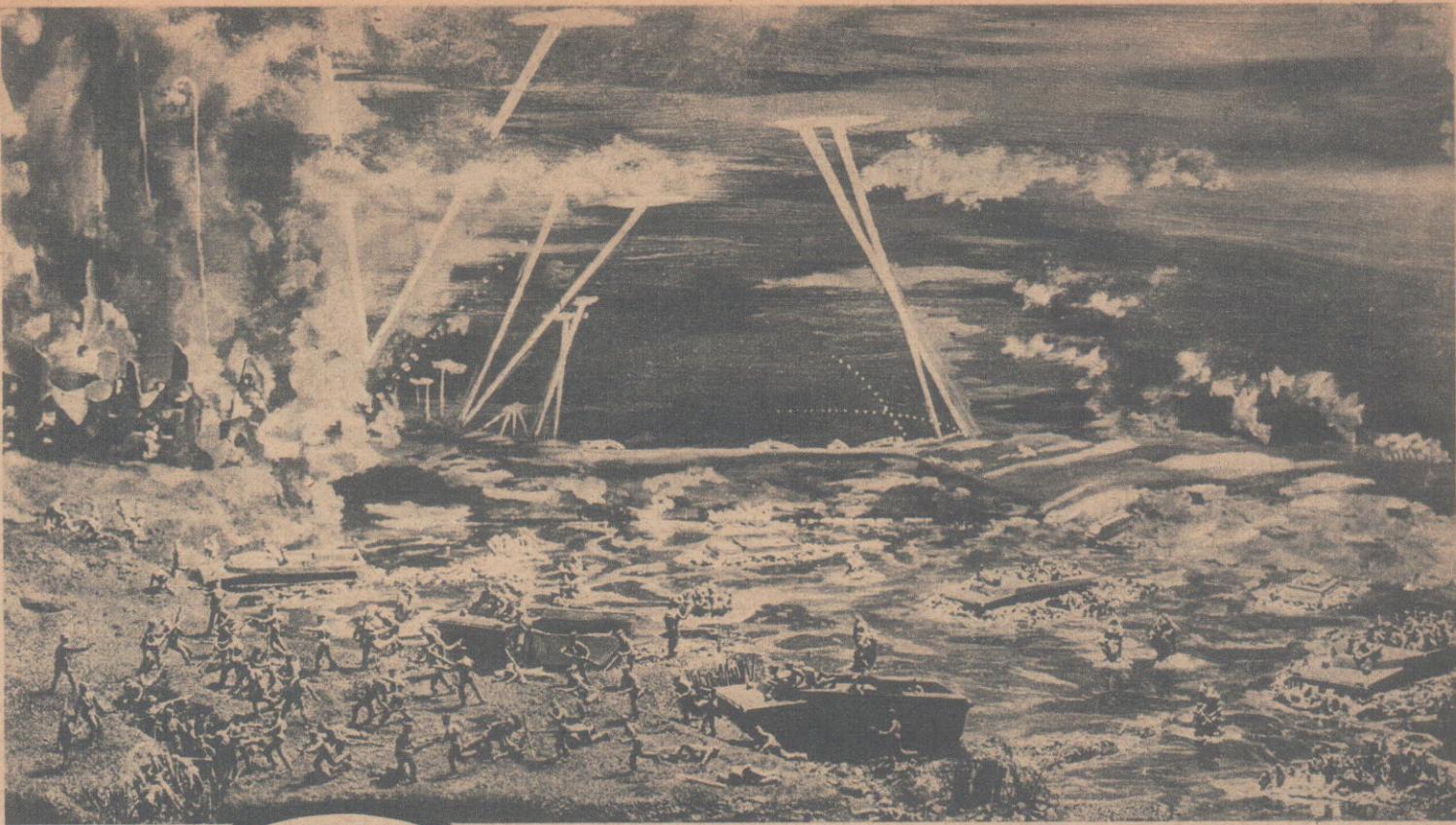
Sick bay: "Look what I'm doing", says RASC to RAOC.



What's cooking? This is a combined operation by RASC, RE and KOSB.



Art class: wait till Doreen asks, "Is that me or the horse?"



Crossing the Rhine: invoking artistic licence, the designer has combined the preliminary air raid with the actual crossing, which took place in darkness.

Battles For Export



General Sir William Slim looked in to guide Mr. Denny C. Stokes with this reconstruction of the Irrawaddy crossing.

Many nations will see a display of dioramas showing famous battles in Britain's history — including battles of World War Two

THE British soldier takes the lion's share of an exhibition which was recently opened in London and which is going on a five-year world tour.

It is designed to show what Britain has done for the freedom of man and, since the British soldier has accomplished more to that end than anybody else, it is only right that he should be its hero.

The exhibition is organised by the Charter Club, which plans to raise funds to buy a country house as a centre where people of all nations will be able to gather. There they will learn the principles of British sportsmanship which Mr. E. R. Appleton, the founder, believes are desirable in international affairs.

The exhibition consists principally of big dioramas of battles executed by Mr. Denny C. Stokes, who made many of the battle dioramas in the Royal United Services Institution. There are also smaller dioramas and cases of model soldiers of many nations, but mainly British, lent by various model soldier enthusiasts.

These model soldiers start from before the Christian era. They cover the full range of the Guards and the whole of the combatant units of the 51st Highland Division, in full dress, ending with commandos and paratroops in battle order.

About two inches in height, the models are mostly based on the standard lead model soldiers turned out by commercial firms. These have been altered and additions made with the help of materials like toothpaste tubes and fuze wire. They were made by Mr. J. A. Greenwood and Miss K. Ball.



Horseman among the pikes: a spirited corner from the diorama of the Battle of Naseby. Below: at the storming of Badajos in 1812 British Infantrymen fought the French hand-to-hand and dared burning tar-barrels to breach the enemy's fortress.

So fine is the hand-painting that it has to be done under a magnifying glass with a tiny brush.

Among the best of them, and valuable from a collector's point of view, are flat models of lead. Flat models can be painted more effectively than the others and the expressions on their faces can be made a real artist's job.

Completely new are the model soldiers made of plastic material by a commercial firm; the amateur enthusiasts have not got round to plastic yet except for some of the models' accessories.

The big dioramas start at the signing of Magna Charta and range through some of the famous battles in British history to the Somme in World War One, the World War Two Atlantic convoys, the first Japanese defeat at Milne Bay, the Free French stand at Bir Hakim, D-Day in Normandy, and the crossings of the Irrawaddy and the Rhine.

The pride of the collection is the magnificent diorama of the storming of Badajos in 1812, with the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the 97th (Queen's Own), the 27th (Inniskillings), the 95th (Rifles), the 43rd (Monmouth) and the 52nd (Oxfordshire Light Infantry) attacking the breach while the French topple burning tar-barrels from the fortress walls.

A new technique is used in a Battle of Britain diorama of an air battle over the South Coast, where the aircraft and clouds are suspended or painted on sheets of glass at various depths. For the Irrawaddy crossing, Mr. Stokes had the help of General Sir William Slim, who visited him while the diorama was being made and checked various details.

For the casual visitor, the value of the diorama, apart from its artistic merit, is its bird's-eye view of a battle which makes tactics easily assimilated. Conspicuous in this respect is the Dettingen diorama, which shows how the British Infantry opened their square to let the French cavalry in, then closed it and surrounded the horsemen.



Miscellany

JAPAN

CATCHING KOREANS

BRITISH Commonwealth troops in Japan have an illegal immigrant problem to keep them busy, rather like the one British troops have in Palestine. As with Palestine, the immigrants come by sea, sardine-packed. Allied planes, ships and soldiers are constantly on the watch for them.

The unwanted visitors are Koreans. About two-thirds of them are busy smuggling goods in and out of Japan. About a quarter are making genuine efforts to join relations living in Japan. The remainder, among them men from the northern end of the island, which is occupied by Soviet troops, refuse to say why they come.

They are not wanted in Japan for several reasons: it has been proved that they bring disease; there is no food to spare; most of them spend their time in black-marketeering and other forms of crime. A few are good workers; some take up farming.

They travel in boats that carry from 20 to 45 passengers hiding



A New Zealand patrol handcuffs Koreans who have made an illegal entry into Japan.

by day in some island in the Japan sea. The 100-mile trip takes anything from one to five days and is lucrative for the crews. Passengers pay about 14,000 yen (about \$ 70) for the trip. Food from southern Korea — formerly a big Japanese granary — and American goods smuggled from China fetch big prices on the Japanese black market. In the other direction,

manufactured goods from Japan find a ready market in the American-occupied southern end of Korea.

Between May and the end of September this year, 735 Koreans were caught at the southern end of Honshu, in the British Commonwealth area alone. But it is estimated that in the whole of Japan, 3000 have got through the Allied blockade since February.

SMALL TALK

"**A**RE married quarters to have twin beds in future?" was the question that caused furrowed brows in Catterick Camp. It was a false alarm. Local Ordnance had run out of double beds and were issuing twin beds as a stop-gap.

*

When Herbert Craise, a 26-year-old German prisoner, was thought to be dying at Amersham, fellow prisoners and the camp staff raised £57 so that his mother, a World War One widow who lost two sons in Hitler's war, might fly to his bedside. She was a guest at the hospital for two months. Her son, recovered, is back in Germany.

*

The Army clings to red for its Whitehall window boxes; the Navy demands dark blue and the RAF light blue. When autumn comes they all sink their pride and accept chrysanthemums.

CHANNEL ISLES

GIFT FROM THE ARMY

PAY one-and-sixpence landing fee in the Channel island of Sark and you step right back into history, for it is the last stronghold of feudalism in Britain. There are no cars, and its 400 inhabitants, ruled by a woman, merely farm and fish.

But up at La Coupée, that narrow tongue of rock but a few feet wide which joins the main island with Little Sark and which rises sheer for 300 feet above the sea, there is a touch of modernity — a gift of the British Army.

For centuries the islanders have crept warily across La Coupée, a rough road edged by unsafe wooden railings. Today a concrete roadway, with iron railings in concrete posts, makes the crossing safe and horses and carriages can drive across in safety. A plaque in the centre records the fact that it was built by a platoon of 259 Field Company, Royal Engineers, with the help of prisoners-of-war.



A Red Cross worker renders first aid—to a book casualty.

GERMANY

NEW BOOKS FOR OLD

WIVES and daughters of officers and men stationed at Bad Oeynhausen, BAOR headquarters, spend their spare time repairing badly worn books from military hospitals.

They rebind the volumes and stitch in loose pages, to make the books fit for re-issue. More than 800 books have received "first aid" since the Bookbinding Centre opened. Similar work is done at the Hamburg Centre.



"Oh come on, it's easy." Weeding out male wallflowers at Shrewsbury. Right: this plucky instructress wears shoes which expose the big toe.

BRITAIN

DANCE CLASS

THE man who can dance well is a man who feels at ease socially. The man who feels at ease socially, say the psychologists, is a man who doesn't worry. And men who don't worry make the best soldiers. So —

At Copthorne Barracks, Shrewsbury, every Friday evening, Miss Mildred Cureton, who runs a local dancing school, has been teaching recruits to dance. They have learned the basic steps of the waltz, quickstep, foxtrot and tango with ATS, NAAFI girls and local girls as partners.



In the Imperial War Museum are 30,000 books about World War One. There will be more than that about World War Two, prophesies the librarian who has just retired

"THE LIBRARIAN OF 'BEDLAM'"

IN the old, original Bedlam — now the Imperial War Museum, Lambeth — Mr. Harry Foster has spent 20 years collecting and indexing tens of thousands of books on war.

This former lunatic asylum, he says, is "not an inappropriate place in which to house the records of ten years of madness."

Now Mr. Foster has retired. "The Treasury seem to think librarians are tender plants compared with official historians," he says. "I am retired at a mere 60, but Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds, the official historian, is still working at 83 — and he's going strong too. The Treasury did offer me another post, but it meant being out in the country and all my interests are in London."

In World War One Mr. Foster was a Naval officer and served with the Grand Fleet at Salonika and in Admiralty Intelligence. At the end of the war, part of his job was looking after Naval trophies and this brought him in touch with the Imperial War Museum. At the curator's request, he went from the Admiralty to the Museum and stayed on there as a civilian.

By the time he left he had some 30,000 World War One books to look after and a healthy young World War Two library growing up. Mr. Foster believes there will be more World War Two books, eventually, than there were on World War One. These are his reasons:

"The Americans played a

much bigger part in the second war and they are producing a very much bigger number of war books, especially divisional histories. Then the second war lasted two years longer, it was more dispersed and more interesting than the other one, so you can see there are more reasons for writing books about it."

Mr. Foster says the most valuable books are written some time after a war, when writers can get access to secret documents.

Mr. Foster hasn't read all the 30,000 World War One books. "Nobody could do that and stay sane," he says, "anyway, nobody would want to because there is so much repetition — one regimental history, for instance, may be very like another and you could find most of what you want to know from a divisional history that covers both. There is a lot of repetition in reminiscences, too." But Mr. Foster can name you a good many of them, and pick out those presented and autographed by people like Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, President Wilson, Field-Marshal Montgomery and General Eisenhower.



One feature of the library of which Mr. Foster is proud is its unique collection of Forces newspapers of the two wars, ranging from stencilled news-sheets to *SOLDIER*, and including real front-line efforts like World War One trench magazines and World War Two's "Tobruk Truth". They come from all over the world, some published in ships at sea and some in places like the Azores, Iceland, India, Africa, the East and West Indies and Madagascar.

When Mr. Foster first joined the Imperial War Museum it was at the Crystal Palace. From there it moved to Kensington and finally to its present home at Lambeth.

Looking after the Museum during the London blitz was no job for faint-hearts. The old building was in one of the main Luftwaffe target-areas and it is surrounded by a small park, so that it was not protected by other buildings and suffered from blast whenever a bomb fell in the area. Al-

together it was damaged about 40 times by bombs and "V" weapons.

Mr. Foster took his turn as a fire-guard at the building and its tall, dark, eerie rooms and corridors were nerve-chilling at night. "You could quite easily fancy the ghosts of the old lunatics had come back," says Mr. Foster. The loneliest and most eerie time he had was one war-time Christmas when he was on duty there, day and night, with no company at all and with no Christmas food except some sandwiches.

Now, "still able to stagger around without the aid of crutches or an ear-trumpet," and looking a very young and active sixty, Mr. Foster has a lot of interests to follow up. Among other things he is a Fellow of the Royal Empire Society and a member of its library committee, a member of Chatham House (The Royal Institute of International Affairs) and of the English speaking Union.

"THE GOOSE GIRL" ROUND THREE



HARDENED readers of *The Goose Girl*, journal of the College of the Rhine Army, take in their stride pictures like the one reproduced on this page. They are apt to feel insulted (says the journal) if anyone offers to simplify such fantasies for their benefit.

In August a member of *SOLDIER*'s staff said he didn't mind being insulted and he would like to have such pictures simplified a bit.

The challenge was accepted in the October issue of *The Goose Girl*, the art editor of which wrote:

"Many artists have long felt that purely pictorial representation has said all that it can; they are striving for a new emotional and psychological approach in their search for a means of personal expression. The modern artist paints (as the oriental artist has done for centuries) with colour, pattern and rhythm; he regards solidarity and mere representational accuracy as not so important, in fact as almost irrelevant. It is what he feels, not what he sees which he seeks to represent."

SOLDIER's critic replies:

"Nobody wants an artist to go in for 'representational accuracy,' or 'photographic accuracy,' as it is usually called. The *Mona Lisa* is no photograph. Those despised Old Masters could see below the skin; they could

portray a person's likeness, character and personality all in one operation. For that matter they could stamp their personality on a view of Ben Nevis. But they did not draw a picture of a piano with breasts, perched half-way up a white-washed sycamore tree, and call it 'The Soul of the Artist.'

"The drawing reproduced on this page is entitled 'The Selection.' Selection of what? There is a lot about 'shorthand pattern of brush strokes,' 'sprightly calligraphy' and 'interplay of equally stressed shapes.' Says the writer: 'It will be noticed that the big shapes have tended to attract within their orbit the smaller more tenuous forms. The arms of the chair appear to have been deflected from the upright by this compulsive attraction... And so on.'

"Now *The Goose Girl* states that the modern artist paints what he feels, but no attempt is made (perhaps wisely) to suggest what the creator of this doodle felt. One is forced to the unkind suspicion that what he felt was contempt for the public's intelligence."

"Nobody minds an artist searching for a new form of personal expression. But after all Art is a means of communication; why scramble the message to make it unintelligible to the educated layman and ambiguous even to the self-styled expert?"

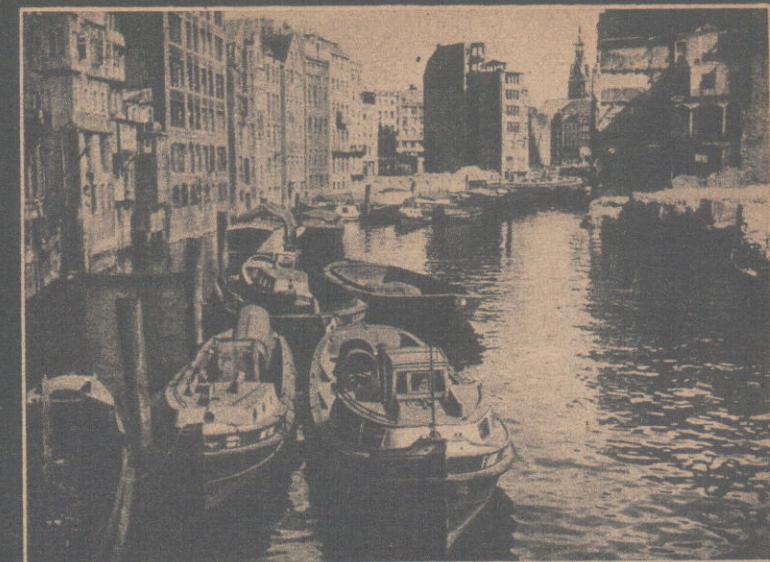
Passed to you, Gottingen...



In oldest England: the Abbey of St. Albans stands where Offa, King of Mercia, built a Benedictine abbey in the year 793 in honour of St. Alban, whom the Romans murdered. In Norman times stone from Verulamium was built into the Abbey; the design was based on a church at Caen.

QUIET PAGE

Steel and snow: a study from London's Tower.



Buildings rise sheer from the water along this once-busy artery in Hamburg. Many of the ancient fronts have been ripped by bombs. (S/Sgt M. Fleet.)



"BRYLCREEM

By Jove!.. some
chaps are lucky!"



And men in B.A.O.R. are luckier than most fellows because supplies of Brylcreem for B.A.O.R. are still getting priority through N.A.A.F.I., Y.M.C.A., etc. But even this concession cannot satisfy the demand for Brylcreem so, when you get a bottle, please use it sparingly

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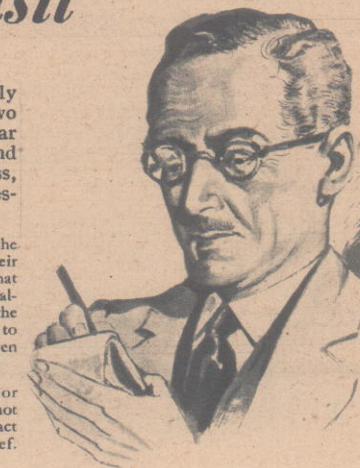
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SPORT



Signing on: Private Fred Marlow, of the 2nd York and Lancaster Regiment, travelled down from Catterick for an interview with Mr. Tom Whittaker, of Arsenal. He is due to sign with the club this month and is looked on as a player of promise.

A KHAKI pinstripe is fashionable in football colours just now—a pinstripe made by men who, after learning much of the game in the Army, have decided to make Association football their living.

From mighty Derby County to obscure Gillingham, there are ex-soldiers in the elevens who have already made their names or who are busy making them. The chance of £12 a week, a £650 "benefit" after five years' service and prospects of making a little on the side, are the attractions.

It looks an easy life. Sundays and Mondays are normally days off duty; training is generally confined to an hour or two on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. But this lack of occupation is one of Soccer's troubles: a player, suddenly thrust into the limelight and with time on his hands, may find the wrong kind of pastime. Another danger is that a player may be injured and left with only meagre compensa-

tion. The wise footballer finds a subsidiary occupation.

Professional Soccer is about the worst paid of all the sporting jobs. Jockeys, boxers, lawn tennis players make thousands a year; even a golfer gets more than a footballer. Only a county cricketer can complain that he is as poorly paid.

Someone has worked out that on a Saturday afternoon 1,000,000 spectators pay about £100,000 at the gates and the players get at most £11,000 of that, which is not a big share considering the part they play in earning the total. And out of a transfer fee of £15,500, one player recently

Nearing release, Jack McCue, captain of the Army eleven, chose football for vocational training. He plays for Stoke City.

THEY TRADED AMMO BOOTS FOR



Billy Wright (Wolves) owes his start in class football to the APTC.

Tottenham Hotspur's E. F. Bailey went from the BAOR team to the big stadiums and scored in his first professional match.

Billy Steel of Derby County was in the backwoods when he enlisted; found fame in a BAOR eleven.

FOOTBALL BOOTS

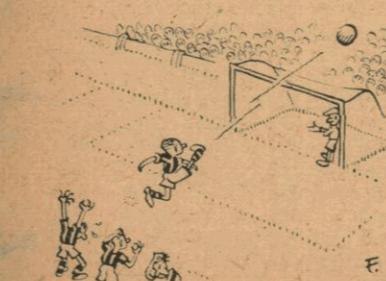
received only £10; many people think he should have got ten per cent and this ruling may come eventually, together with bigger inducements to players to stay with their clubs.

But in spite of these discouragements, there are plenty of ex-soldiers who have basked or are basking in the sunshine of football fame. Outstanding among them is little Billy Steel who was not thought good enough for Leicester City reserves before he enlisted.

He first began to be noticed in a BAOR eleven that was to produce more than one star, and last April he was a surprise selection for Scotland against England at Wembley. That game made him. He was picked for Great Britain against the Rest of Europe in May and scored a great goal. Eventually he landed at Derby County in return for the highest-ever transfer fee, the £15,500 mentioned above. Now he is getting the maximum wages, he has a newspaper contract and a home has been bought for him.

His team-mate Ward was in the same BAOR side and he rocketed to fame, too. He was just another soldier-footballer 18 months ago; now he is a First Division player and an English International.

A third member of the same



BAOR side was young Parsons of West Ham United, an ex-Gunner who plays in the forward line and has a big future. A fourth was a lad named E. F. Bailey who was noticed in a game against West Ham's touring side. As a result, he signed on as an amateur with Tottenham Hotspur. He was released in October, became a professional and was promptly put into the first team in place of Jordan, who had been chosen to play for the Football Association against the RAF.

A star who will tell you he owes everything to the Army is Billy Wright, sometimes called the "Golden Boy" of Wolverhampton Wanderers. Billy was a Staff-Sergeant Instructor in the Army Physical Training Corps and was picked by the Army Football Association to play against the Army in Scotland at White Hart Lane. English selectors were there and Billy went straight into England's national eleven. He has been there ever since and looks like staying there for ten years yet; he may well set up a new record in caps.

A footballer with an original idea was Jock McCue of Stoke City. When his release from the Army became imminent he was asked what vocational training course he would like. Jock answered "Football. That's my profession." And sure enough, he got his grant to learn the tricks of his trade under the Football Association coaching scheme. Now this player, who rose from nowhere to be the Army's captain, is the established left back of the Stoke City side.

Two ex-soldiers who may make names for themselves are Briggs and Russell, who were in the Royal Engineers Depot team at Barton Stacey and helped their unit to win the Army Cup last season. Now they are playing for Gillingham and were in the side that knocked Bristol City out of the Cup. Gillingham does not want to part with them, but the big clubs are interested and Briggs may go to Derby County and Russell to Sunderland. Jesse Pye and Bob Thyne, now Internationals, were also Sappers of the 1946 team.

Among the older stagers from the Army were Reg Osborne, who went to Leicester and became an International, and Eastham, Martin, Twine and Price. World War One brought into prominence the names of Jack Cock and Harry White.

All over the world during the war, hardened professional footballers in khaki were playing in Army sides and inspiring youngsters, and clubs are now reaping the benefit of their efforts. First among them, of course, were the Bolton Wanderers boys who joined up as a team and, leaving casualties here and there, served in France before Dunkirk, in the Middle East, Paiforce and CMF. Denis Compton was playing in India and Burma; Finney was in Egypt and Paiforce; Stan Collis and Andy Beattie were in Italy; and Scottish Internationals Brown and Milne were in West Africa.



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OBVIOUSLY, if you feel a Cold coming on, the first place to tackle it is where the germs lodge and multiply—in the nose and throat membranes. But don't forget that the general symptoms of a heavy Cold—feverishness and headache—are due to toxins (poisons) escaping from the nose and throat into the system. So, to make reasonably certain of stopping a Cold quickly, you need to tackle it *internally*, as well as by gargling.

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a gargle and take internally as well. And it's the internal antiseptic action of T.C.P. that gives your system just the help needed to throw off the Cold toxins, before they can get a hold.

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T.C.P. Regd.

Obtainable from Forces' Canteens and any Chemist.

THE REALLY SAFE EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL ANTISEPTIC

PAGE 39

WHEN 18-year-old William Jones of Streatham reports for his "medical" next year with thousands of other National Servicemen the military interviewing officer at the local Ministry of Labour office will eye him carefully, question him about his tastes and qualifications and mark him down for a definite arm of the Service.

Unlike the recruit of 1947, he will not spend his first six weeks at a primary training centre.

Together with the Infantry training centres, the primary centres are abolished under the new plan to reorganise the Infantry, which also reduces regiments to one Regular battalion each. From early next year, if the interviewing officer says: "You are for the Infantry," Jones will go straight to a battalion.

Before the war the peacetime volunteer for a county regiment was sent to a county depot to learn the ABC of becoming a soldier. He was then posted to one

DOWN TO ONE BATTALION

In Parliament a Guards general has quoted Napoleon: "The British Infantry is the best in the world; luckily there are very few of them." Today as Britain clamours for manpower the Infantry is once again reshuffled to give maximum efficiency in minimum compass

of the two Regular battalions of that regiment.

To handle the big wartime call-ups, depots were converted into large training centres and some special training battalions were formed, some being transformed later into fighting units and sent overseas.

Military selection officers were sent to Labour Exchanges to earmark men for various arms, but such was the flow of recruits that inevitably some became square pegs in round holes. The War Office then started primary training wings to which all recruits were sent for six weeks, during which they mastered the elementary points of weapons common to all arms and at the same time underwent special tests and interviews by selection

officers to determine any specialist or mechanical aptitudes. By the time the six weeks were over the Joneses of those days knew whether they were destined for the Gunners, Engineers, Signals or RASC.

If they were marked for the Infantry they went to ITC's for 16 weeks "corps" training. Today the machinery is too expensive in manpower and money and must of necessity come down to peacetime level.

Just a year ago plans were mooted for introducing a Corps of Infantry, thus abolishing individual regiments and simplifying the general running of an Arm which might have to be increased or decreased according to need. It was realised, however, that the moral strength of the

Army lay in the individuality of its county regiments. So came into being the system whereby various regiments were grouped, each retaining its name but with certain battalions going into temporary suspended animation for ten or 15 years. Each group, now called a brigade — there are 14 of them — ran a combined Infantry training centre. Recruits of a regiment which had, say, one battalion overseas and the other in suspended animation, could be posted to another regiment within the group. The Royal Warrant has been amended and for regular Infantrymen the "corps" is no longer the regiment but the brigade.

Under the new reorganisation the group system will remain, but with only one battalion to a regiment the system of suspending battalions will go. Men will be posted to another regiment within the brigade if their own regiment is temporarily without vacancies.

The training of the recruit must go on, and the work of primary and corps instruction, now PTC's and ITC's are to go, will fall on each brigade of regiments. One battalion in each will become a group training battalion. Thus Jones, if selected for the Infantry, will find himself posted direct to 1st Bn...shire Regiment which, stationed at a camp in Britain, will give him ten weeks recruit instruction.

It is expected that after two or three years battalions within each brigade will change over the role of group training battalion. The Guards are not affected by the new changes.

The Royal Artillery and other arms will make their own arrangements to provide recruits with basic training. Additional changes include the closing of the School of Infantry's Heavy Weapon Wing at Netheravon, and the incorporation of a Heavy Weapons division in the tactical wing at Warminster. The Middlesex Regiment, at present the only machine-gun regiment in the Army, is now Infantry and has joined the Home Counties Brigade. The old Small Arms School, which after the war moved back to its peacetime home at Hythe from Bisley, is being retained, but today it is known as the Platoon Weapons Wing of the School of Infantry.

The future of regimental depots is undecided, but arrangements will be made to retain a small headquarters of some sort for each regiment, possibly situated in county barracks.

THE THIRD

THE 3rd British Infantry Division has a long fighting tradition — a tradition based, in part, on the story of an older 3rd Division that battled under Wellington.

In World War One the Division grimly endured the gruelling of trench warfare. In World War Two it was early "blooded" for, under the command of Major-General Bernard L. Montgomery, it was among the last to leave Dunkirk.

The division, reconstituted, was in the first wave to go back to France on 6 June 1944 and

SOLDIER BOOKSHELF



The flash of Third Infantry Division was once worn by "Monty."

fought its way from Normandy to Bremen. It was a Regular division, but by 1944 the majority of its men were Territorial and "emergency" soldiers.

Their part in the liberation of Europe is told by Norman Scarfe in "Assault Division" (Collins, 12s 6d).

In a smooth narrative he describes preparations and operat-

ions, the hard work of the services as well as the hard fighting of the Infantrymen.

Scarfe introduces the personalities of the Division — the major of the East Yorks who read passages from "King Henry V" to his men as they went ashore; the company commander who asked two German tank crews for fire support; the raw reinforcement who said: "There's a German walking down the lane ahead. What do I do?"

He remembers the Division's little chuckling-points — the suggestion in the divisional intelligence summary that the mistress of the commander of a besieged German strong-point, who was rumoured to sneak out at night and visit her, should be located and suitably booby-trapped; and the comment from the same source: "A rare honour has this day fallen to the Division. It has captured a town ahead of the BBC."

Here, too, are the stories of gallantry that led to the award of two VC's and other decorations and cost the Division 11,084 battle casualties in 11 months — of the Field Regiment that sited itself in front of the Infantry whose attack it was to support; of the Sapper NCO's who dropped their tank bridge under intense fire after the release cables had been shot away.

Mr. Scarfe, a Gunner officer with a Field Regiment, suggests that his readers will look out for Gunner prejudice. But there is none. The Division, as a whole, has been "done proud" by his book.

DEDICATED TO A PILOT

IN May 1944 a Chindit officer faced the prospect of dying miserably behind the Japanese lines in Burma. He was suffering from amoebic dysentery and had lost three stone.

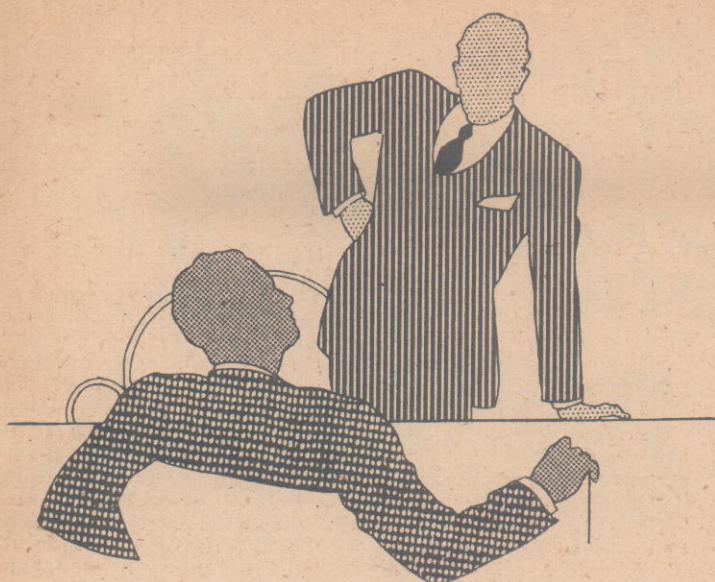
Then out of the sky came an American L5 Grasshopper. Its pilot had made a mistake and landed by the wrong Chindit column, but the sick officer was flown out to recovery.

To the Chindits and to that American pilot is dedicated, "We Too Can Die," (Robert Anscombe, 8s 6d) by Capt. Paul Le Butt, MBE, who was the sick officer. Probably the first fiction book to be written about the Chindits it has the merit of an authentic background.

A Chindit column is ambushed by the Japs. Small groups get away and the incidents which follow are their several adventures.

A Gunner officer, in command of a support platoon, finds it surrounded by Japs, so he organises a break-through attack: first, softening-up by heavy artillery — his mortars; second, a creeping barrage by light artillery — his machine-guns; then a cavalry charge — 13 mules ridden by muleteers armed with Sten guns; then the Infantry — first wave the 12 mortar-men, second wave the 12 machine-guns.

Of such ingenious stories and of gallant personal adventures is the book composed, with due regard to the toll taken by disease, to the difficulties of navigation, the hardships of marching without rations, and the ability of the trained soldier to overcome these obstacles.



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"No!"

"—with a low hedge and green fields rolling away on either side—and just down there on the left a nice little creeper-covered pub with a sign outside which says 'The Nag's Head'?"

"What exactly are you driving at?"

"The Nag's Head, old boy, but only in my mind's eye."

"You're in a Rolls-Royce, I suppose."

"On the contrary, I'm on a motor-bike. But, boy oh boy, what a machine."

"You must be counting on a pretty hefty gratuity."

"I'm counting on netting the same as you. But there is a thing called a Post Office

Savings Bank, and I find it a lot easier having my money regularly put there by somebody else than throwing it down the drain myself."

"I doubt if I should."

"What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over, old man."

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"In-side"



Information

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SOLDIER's picture of a bayonet charge in the Western Desert brings a letter and a souvenir from a German soldier who was captured by the Grenadier Guards

**THEY'RE THERE
TO HELP YOU
NO. 2**

AFRIKAKORPS

A SOUVENIR COMES HOME

EX-AFRIKA Korps soldier Ernst B. Dannemann of the German town of Enlichheim, near Nordhorn, saw a copy of **SOLDIER**. Inside was a picture of Australian troops making a bayonet attack at El Alamein, a picture which has caused considerable interest since it was published in our August number.

Dannemann sat down and on his rather battered typewriter he wrote to **SOLDIER** about it.

"I should like to write you some remarks about your picture 'Bayonet Charge.' I can state from the German side that in El Alamein was bitter fighting from man to man with bayonet assaults. I remember two other occasions in Africa of British bayonet assaults. One in June 1942 in Gazala by South African troops and another in May 1943 near Enfidaville by New Zealanders. Thirty-six hours later there was an armistice in Africa, and we were taken prisoner.

"I remember quite exactly that there were five British officers, all taller than I. And my military measure was 5ft 2 inches. I thought that the British had yet wonderful troops in reserve, and then they explained to me their regiment's name. They wore 'Grenadier Guards' on the upper part of their sleeves.

"One of these officers wanted to have a German sleeve stripe 'Afrikakorps.' I promised him to send it later in peace-time. I cannot remember his name but he told me to send it to a certain Colonel Villiers, and herewith I give the promised

souvenir. Will you please send it to the Colonel in case you can get his address. It is a little thank for the good and human treatment as a prisoner-of-war by that regiment."

The sleeve-stripe, of silver lettering on brown and green background, was taken by **SOLDIER** to the headquarters of the Grenadier Guards. Tracing Colonel Villiers was no simple matter for the regiment has had a number of officers of that name, all of whom have been released since the war. It was thought that Lieut-Colonel C. E. H. Villiers, MC of Cadogan Square, Chelsea, was the one referred to, but he said that he was in hospital in Britain in May 1943. A cousin, Major the Hon. N. W. S. L. H. Villiers, of Cottesmore Gardens, was in Africa, but his battalion, the 6th Grenadier Guards, had not been near Enfidaville, he told **SOLDIER**. Dannemann, it seemed, must have been taken prisoner by the 3rd battalion, and although it was thought that a Captain Anthony H. H. Villiers, now living in Ireland, was serving with them at the time, a check on the records showed that no officer of that name was with the unit at Enfidaville.

The mystery was eventually cleared by Lieut-Colonel A. E. H. Villiers, a company director of Hyde Park Square, who said: "My job during the war was to train intelligence officers in the Brigade of Guards. We kept a small museum in London and often my former pupils sent specimens of German equipment to me. It is possible that the Intelligence Officer of the 3rd Battalion told Dannemann to send a sleeve-stripe to me. I am glad to have it and will keep it as a souvenir."

Answers (from Pages 22, 23)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

1. Soldier has no cap badge. 2. He is wearing cap on wrong side of head. 3. Only officers wore collar and tie at that time. 4. War Office sign was not worn until late 1946. 5. Service chevrons are on wrong sleeve. 6. Service chevrons are upside down. 7. He should not have been wearing five chevrons at time of D-Day. 8. *The Times* has never had news on front page. 9. Fifth Army, not Eighth Army, took Rome. 10. Civilian has jacket buttoned to left instead of to right. 11. Civilian is reading newspaper upside down.

Note to save argument: The *Daily Worker* was not suspended at this time. Rome was entered two days before D-Day.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. David Hutcheson in "Vice Versa". 2. G. R. Sims ("The Dagonet Ballads"). 3. Cheetah. 4. Carry on as you are (eupeptic means you have a good digestion). 5. Greek god of ridicule. 6. Knitting instructions. 7. General Sir Frederick Pile, Anti-Aircraft Command. 8. Radar system which told British bombers their exact location in darkness or cloud. 9. Five years. 10. "Phenomena" should be "phenomenon" (singular). "Peninsular" should be "peninsular". 11. Infantile paralysis. 12. Yes; due to refraction of very small raindrops; also known as the "fog-bow." 13. "Objective, Burma." 14. Scotsman 5 ft 8½ inches; Irishman 5 ft 8 in.; Englishman 5 ft 7½ in.; Welshman 5 ft 6½ in.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1. Contraband. 7. Spat. 8. Apples. 9. Lamenting. 13. One. 14. Hen. 16. Detonated. 19. Heaped. 20. Gape. 21. Lemon soles. DOWN: 2. Orphan. 3. Title. 4. Adapt. 5. No light. 6. Ascend. 9. Loathe. 10. Mediate. 11. and 12. Notion. 15. Eel Pie. 17. Olden. 18. Anglo.

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Applications can be made to local SSAFA branches (Post Offices and police stations have the addresses) or to headquarters, 23 and 27, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, London SW 1.

For men overseas, there is a staff of trained SSAFA women in each command who can be approached through Commanding Officers. They may give advice on the spot on all kinds of personal problems or arrange for SSAFA workers at home to visit a family.

Another of SSAFA's activities is the married families club at 14-16, Nevern Square, Earl's Court, London SW 5.

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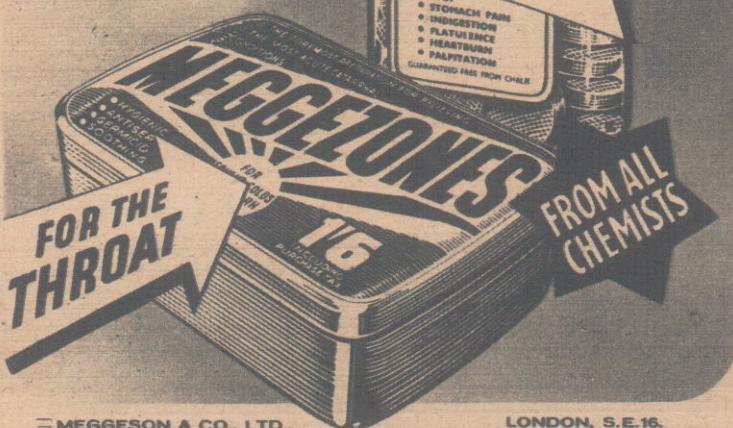
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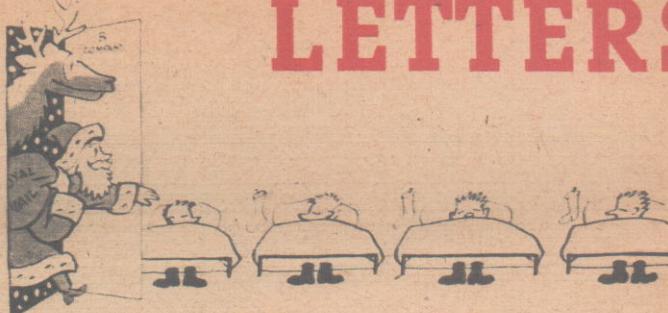
LETTERS

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THE BAYONET

In view of the very interesting photograph of the bayonet charge in your August number, and in particular of the postscript at the foot of the page, it may be of interest to record that another authentic instance of an assault resulting in actual bayoneting occurred on, I think, 8 May 1943, two to three miles north of Enfidaville, Tunisia, when the 7th. Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry captured the "hump" and with it a company of German infantry.

On that occasion 2/Lieut. Montgomery—young and slight, but an athlete—outran his platoon in the assault and bayoneted two Germans. His platoon emulated his example, whereupon the German company commander surrendered his whole company and complained that "British officers had been giving their men whisky." When it was denied that the troops had seen whisky for some time the German said, "Well, you must have given them something. Your men were mad. I have never seen soldiers fight like it." It is important to note that as the result of the *élan* of the British troops in this attack their casualties in the actual assault were negligible. Montgomery was awarded the MC for his leadership.

It is a fact that actual bayonetting seems to do the trick quicker and more effectively than any of the "mechanical horrors" of modern warfare. — "A Soldier" (name and address supplied).

★ In *SOLDIER* for August a photograph of a bayonet attack by Australian troops was published. The postscript quoted an American major writing in a US Army magazine who said, "We attacked with bayonets fixed but the actual fighting and the killing was done with tommy guns, rifle fire and hand grenades. I have yet to meet a man who will state that he personally witnessed a bayonetting."

NAAFI CHARGES

Can you please explain why goods sold by NAAFI in Palestine are charged at exorbitant prices? For instance, British sweets are priced at 10²/d. per quarter as against 6d. in Civvy Street; chocolate is 5¹/d. a 2 oz. bar and a tablet of soap 7¹/d. Also for a three-quarters-filled mug of tea we are charged 2¹/d. — Gnr. T. Charlesworth, ME School of Artillery, British Forces in Palestine.

★ NAAFI say that prices are different from those in Britain because of increased costs in transport, insurance and package. Especially is this the case with perishable goods going to hot climates, when manufacturers charge more for the special packing required, so that confectionery

● **SOLDIER** welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received. All correspondents must, therefore, give their full name and address. Answers cannot be sent to "The Boys of 'B' Troop" or similar collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

costs 10²/d. a 1/4 lb. as against 7d. in Britain and soaps like Lux, Lifebuoy and Palmolive, 7¹/d. as against 5d. If NAAFI had to foot all these extra costs troops would lose in the matter of rebate. Your overseas allowance is intended to offset higher prices overseas.

The average size cup of NAAFI tea is charged at one penny. Mugs are much larger than the average cup so when a man asks for his mug to be filled he is charged more.

SALTED PEANUTS

We are told England is starved of dollars and yet the British families' shops are selling American salted peanuts at 1s 6d. and 1s 10d. a can. Is it necessary to import such food? — Pte. F. Walker, KSLI, att. 2nd R.S.F.

★ NAAFI say that peanuts were supplied by the Ministry of Food from surplus stocks in Britain. It is possible these stocks were taken over from the American forces when they left.

ARTILLERY HISTORY

I am interested in the Royal Artillery War Commemoration Book, 1939-45, which was mentioned in your June issue. Has this been published yet? — J. Harrison, Bradford.

★ No application for copies should be made to the Royal Artillery Association, Artillery House, London, SW 5.

OFFICERS FOR THE TA

PLANS are being considered for granting commissions to men serving in the ranks of the Territorial Army. If they are agreed, candidates with 12 months' service, including one training camp, will be considered by a selection board. Those approved will then attend a 15 days' OCTU course which will count as annual training in camp for the next training season. Probably the scheme, if it is approved, will cover National Servicemen who have ended their service with the Colours.

Mr. Shinwell, Secretary of State for War, gave this news in the House of Commons.

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PUBLIC RELATIONS

Your article on Army public relations (SOLDIER, September) reminds me of a book I have been reading, "Let's Walk down Fleet Street," in which reference is made to a journalist, William Blackley, who was a war-time PRO at the War Office.

Naturally, during the war newspapers were depleted of their normal staffs and inexperienced boys were taken on. Blackley had to deal with thousands of questions, many of them foolish, from these young men. One was: "Could you let me have details of the time and place of the next Commando raid on the Continent?"

Another young man, having been told that he could get certain information from an address in Shepherd's Bush, phoned back five minutes later to ask how one got to Shepherd's Bush.

During the big sweep back in Egypt an angry mother phoned the War Office and told Blackley her son had been called up although he had only one eye. What were the War Office going to do about it? Replied Blackley: "Well, General Wavell has only one eye, so what?" — **Captain P. Tucker, West Norwood.**

SPECIALISED JOBS

How does the Army plan to train enlisted recruits in the specialised arms of the Service? At present, from what



"At the end of a man's primary training he is given a test..."

I have read and heard, you cannot go into the Armoured Corps or Airborne Forces either for enlisted service or Territorial service unless you have had some previous experience. If you have not, the Army does not bother to teach you even if you are willing. We are always hearing about the future army being airborne or tankborne. Surely there won't be enough Regulars to fill these vacancies? — **L/Cpl. A. G. Purdom, HQ 5 Inf. Div.**

★ You are misinformed. At the end of a man's primary training he is given a test, and if the test shows that he has an aptitude for specialised work and there are vacancies he will be posted accordingly. It is not necessary to have previous experience in the armoured or airborne forces to join these arms in the TA. Provided a man has the required medical standard and there is a vacancy, he can join.

MONSTERS? NO

As the Army Recruiter shown in peace-time dress in your May issue, I hope you will allow me to correct a few points in Army Recruiter W. P. Carter's lurid description of the peace-time recruiting sergeant (SOLDIER, September).

I was once one of these monsters described by him as being devoid of everything that makes a being human. I was sent from the Grenadier Guards in 1926 to represent the regiment at the Central London Recruiting Depot, Great Scotland Yard, where I am still employed. Army Recruiter Carter's statement that the recruiting sergeant has been obsolete nearly 30 years is wrong, as I was employed as one at the CLRD until just before the outbreak of war,

when I retired on pension and took up the post of Army recruiter.

His statement that the recruiting sergeant was one of the regiment's unwanted is most insulting. To reach the rank of sergeant in the Brigade of Guards (doing duty) one does not have to be a spiv or a drone, or be devoid of brains and tact: Let him try serving in the Brigade as an NCO in peace and war. If he avoids blotting his copy-book he will be lucky.

I was recommended for this post by Lieut-Colonel (now Lieut-General) F. A. M. Browning, because he thought I was a good representative of the regiment and would stimulate recruiting and bring it to a higher standard. I can honestly say I have never used any jiggery-pokery to obtain recruits. I have always told recruits exactly what the conditions are. I have recruited quite a number for the Household Cavalry but they did not "make the sponge in my stomach turn over to expose the dry side." When Army Recruiter Carter talks about coaxing anything in trousers to take the "King's shilling" does it not occur to him that this "thing in trousers" would have to pass a medical test before the "greedy, grasping recruiting sergeant" got his "beer money." Also there is a little matter of character to be taken into account. — **E. A. Scutt, Army Recruiter, Recruiting Headquarters, London District, Whitehall.**

MONTY SONG

I was told recently that someone had written a song about Field-Marshal Montgomery — and about time somebody did, too. But what puzzled me and the other chaps in my barrack-room was the statement that the song had 12 rhymes for "Montgomery".

Now we've tried all ways to think of them. If you pronounce it "Montgomery" there don't seem to be any rhymes at all. If you pronounce it "Mungumerry" the only rhyme that makes any sense seems to be "summary". Have we been having our legs pulled? If not, where can we get a copy of the song? — **Cpl. George Bachelor, Ayr.**

★ Your informant told you only half the story. The author was a Danish comedian, Oswald Helmuth, and it was in Danish that, he found 12 rhymes for "Montgomery", as the Danes pronounce it. He wrote the song when Monty made his short visit to Denmark soon after the country's liberation.

Helmuth made fun of the Germans during their occupation to such good effect that the quisling police turned him out of his home and he had to be escorted to and from the theatre by armed resistance men. Finally the Germans paid him the compliment of blowing up the theatre where he played.

RELEASE AND RESERVE

Are conscript soldiers, released under the Age and Service Group Scheme, placed on any form of Army Reserve when they leave the Army? In the event of another national mobilisation for war, will the Army have a priority claim on these released ex-soldiers? — **Pte. E. V. Gledhill, Middle East Training Centre, British Forces in Palestine.**

★ Men conscripted during the emergency are transferred at the end of their release leave to a class of the Reserve until the end of the emergency period. Men called up after 1 January 1949 will serve for 12 months followed by six years' part-time service in the TA, in accordance with the National Service Act of 1947.

(More Letters on Page 46)

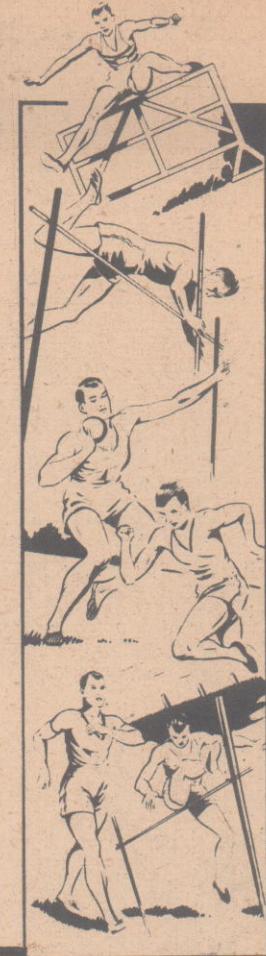
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MORE LETTERS

CLOTHING COUPONS

Am I entitled to an issue of clothing coupons for war service? I am a Regular and have deferred until general demobilisation, and I have been informed that I am not entitled to the issue of clothing coupons at five for each year.

Sjt. F. Godley, Army Apprentices School, Chepstow.

★ A regular who defers is not entitled to clothing coupons—see ACI 375 of 1947. As he gets clothing coupons on his release, it is considered that he does not fit into this scheme which is reserved for men serving on regular or short-service engagements.

BRINGING DOGS HOME

A recent ACI stated that the Army scheme for conveying dogs to Britain had stopped. Can you give me the name of firms who will undertake this task, with details of costs? — **Sjt S. Hiscoek, 5 RHA, BAOR.**

★ Messrs Hogg, Robinson and Capel-Cure Ltd. have a Hamburg office where shipments can be arranged.



The cost from dock to dock is about £3 with an additional dock landing fee of a few shillings. Kennel fees during the six months quarantine cost two or three shillings a day according to the type of dog. Messrs. Spratts Patents Ltd., of City Road, London EC, may be able to assist you.

SOLDIER's advice: buy a dog in Britain.

BLACK WATCH

May I please put you right regarding the dress of the pipers of the Black Watch.

Royal Stuart tartan was worn up to 1882 and was discontinued in that year, owing to the reorganisation of the Army.

During the 1st Battalion's stay in Malta HM Queen Victoria sanctioned the wearing of Royal Stuart tartan by the Pipers. This was in 1886. It has been worn ever since.

Our pipers wear the Cameron badge on their cross belts. This is a friendly gesture adopted about 1880 when both regiments shared the same depot. — **Drum-Major R. Roy, 1st Bn The Black Watch.**

★ SOLDIER's Sassenach researcher on whose information the note in the October issue was based, willingly accepts Drum-Major Roy's facts and dates. In self-defence, however, he claims that the tartan worn by Pipe-Major Jenkinson on SOLDIER's cover differs considerably from the colour plate of the Royal Stuart tartan in *Tartans of the Clans and Families of Scotland* (Johnston). This, he suggests, may be due to (a) regional variations in Royal Stuart tartan; (b) manufacturers' variations; (c) vagaries of colour photography.

St. Andrew's Cross (including St. Andrew) appears in the Black Watch collar badge and in the Cameron badge.

LIFE IN GUERNSEY

Peter Lawrence's article "They Went Back Home—To Spy" (SOLDIER, November) sheds some interesting light on what occurred in the one part of Britain which was occupied by the Germans.

A play is running in London which purports to show what would have happened in Britain if the Nazis had occupied it. It is called "Peace In Our Time," and is by Noel Coward. I wonder whether Mr. Coward ever studied what happened in Guernsey?

When the island was over-run the following was one of many announcements issued by the German commander:

"Assemblies in churches and chapels for the purpose of divine worship are permitted. Prayers for the British Royal Family and for the welfare of the British Empire may be said. Such assemblies shall not be made the vehicle for any propaganda or utterances against the honour or interests of or offensive to the German Government or Forces."

This may strike some persons as showing an unexpected leniency. But the tightening up was not long in coming. On Christmas Eve 1941 the vicar of one of the churches wrote a Christmas message to his parishioners and sent it to the local newspaper. The German Press Officer "vetted" the copy and when the letter appeared it contained the sentence: "The recognition that Christ was born into the world to save the world and bring peace on earth is the need of Britain and her Jewish and Bolshevik allies."

I wonder, if Mr. Coward had put that in his play, whether people would have said that he was guilty of burlesque? — **"Gunner Type," Sevenoaks Road, Orpington, Kent.**

BOYS' SERVICE

I enlisted as a boy but am uncertain when my man's service started. Was it from 17½ years? — **Sjt W. Jordon, 23 Military Corrective Establishment.**

★ Boys get men's pay from 17½, but their Colour service starts from 18 years.

PARENTS DIDN'T SIGN

I am 18½ years old and have served one year. When I signed on as a regular at 17½ my attestation papers were not signed by my parents. Are these papers legally binding?

I have been given the Group number 78 DR. Can I be released when that number comes up? — **Private (name and address supplied) RAMC, Egypt.**

★ Your enlistment was in order. Your parents' consent was not necessary. It was announced recently that Age and Service group numbers will not be given to Regular soldiers and those already given will be cancelled. Soldiers serving on regular engagements must complete their colour service before they can be discharged.

HE DID NOT TELL

When I was 15½ I volunteered for "seven and five", starting as a boy in the RASC. Thirteen months later I was discharged. A year after that, in July 1945, I again volunteered for the duration but I did not declare my previous service.

Recently I met a chap who had joined up with me in 1945 and he too

had had previous service but had declared it. On comparing our release groups we find that he is ten groups ahead of me.

If I declare my previous service now will I, too, have my release brought nearer? Would I be charged with false enlistment if I did? If I am not liable to be charged how would I go about declaring my previous service? — **"Very Worried Indeed," BAOR.**

★ A satisfactory answer cannot be given until the reasons for your discharge are known. It is assumed that you were discharged because you were under age. If this was the case then your 13 months service will not be reckoned in assessing your Age and Service group. If you declare your former service you are liable to be charged under Army Act 33 with having made a false answer to a question in your attestation papers, but SOLDIER is unable to forecast what action will be taken.

PYTHON RIGHTS

Is it possible for me, a Regular, to forfeit my right to Python? Failing that, can I defer my Python for an indefinite time? — **S/Sgt R. G. Pierce, 5 REME Auxiliary W/S.**

★ A Regular may submit an application waiving his Python rights, or ask to postpone his return under Python. Such applications will be accepted or rejected at the discretion of the overseas commander, in the interests of the service.

I was Group 17 but in July 1945 I deferred my release until general demobilisation. I was in Italy at the time (having gone to North Africa in 1943) and was sent home for leave before going to the Far East. As the Japs surrendered by the time I reached England — 20 August — I was sent to Germany on 28 November.

I realise that by deferring I forfeited my Python. Will I be eligible for it and can I apply for end-of-war leave? — **Pte R. Tyler, ACC, 2nd Infantry Division.**

★ You broke the continuity of your overseas service by spending more than six weeks in Britain after returning from Italy. Your Python tour is now calculated from 28 November 1945. End-of-war leave—or SEWLROM—may be taken with other forms of leave such as privilege leave, but is granted only to Regular soldiers and those serving on short-service engagements.

ONE-STAR SOLDIERS

I write on behalf of those who re-enlisted on a short-service engagement. Are we entitled to our old rate of pay on re-joining? It is almost six months since we rejoined and we are still only one-star soldiers. Most of us have had five years or more previous service and it is a bit disheartening only to get the new rate of 5s. a day. — **L/Cpl T. Atkinson, RASC, Tank Transport.**

★ Anyone who re-enlisted from civil life after 30 June 1946 has his pay governed by the new code with no reserve right to any higher rate he received at the time of release. Recruiting officers ensure that all applicants for re-enlistment are told this.

Soldiers with sufficient previous service can be considered for higher grading than one star, subject to their military efficiency of which their CO. is the judge. Re-enlisted soldiers with five or more years previous service are eligible for 6d a day extra pay from the day of rejoining.

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WAR PROMOTION

I am a regular and have been a war-substantive sergeant for nearly a year, but my peace-time rating is corporal. The war has meant promotion for many men and I am wondering what will happen when the emergency ends. I feel it may take the heart out of many to scale them down a number of ranks. Also there is going to be the problem of men who re-joined for three or four years who would not have done so if they had known that there was a possibility of their losing rank at some future date. Yet if Regulars are reduced in rank they, too, will surely drop. I feel men will not sign on for further service if there is a prospect of returning to the days of waiting for "dead men's shoes." — **Sjt. P. Sturman, RASC.**

★ The point you raise is well realised at the War Office. The post-war composition of the Army, however, is not yet firm and until it is no pronouncement can be made.

FAR FROM CUSHY

In SOLDIER, July, is a letter criticising the lack of a campaign star for service in West Africa during the late war. You say in your comment that it is impossible to avoid these anomalies without issuing a multiplicity of stars.

Surely if a man was drafted to a non-operational theatre, the fact that the theatre was non-operational was beyond his control, and I think it is only right that men so drafted should have their service recognised by the award of the 1939-45 Star. The Royal Warrant instituting this decoration could be amended for the purpose.

During the early part of the war at least, service in West Africa was far from cushy. There was no mepacrine at that time; quinine was admittedly issued, but did not prove a prophylactic, although its curative effects on a sufferer from malaria are indisputable.

I, who am not alone in my views, consider that service of up to 25 months in a theatre which was non-operational, but where diseases with a high mortality rate were frequent, should be recognised by an award other than that of the Defence Medal, now worn by millions who have never left the shores of the UK. — **"Góngless," RAPC, HQ 2nd Echelon, BTA.**



"Service in West Africa was far from cushy..."

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COLDS

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Writes H. S., Derby

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H.S., Derby.

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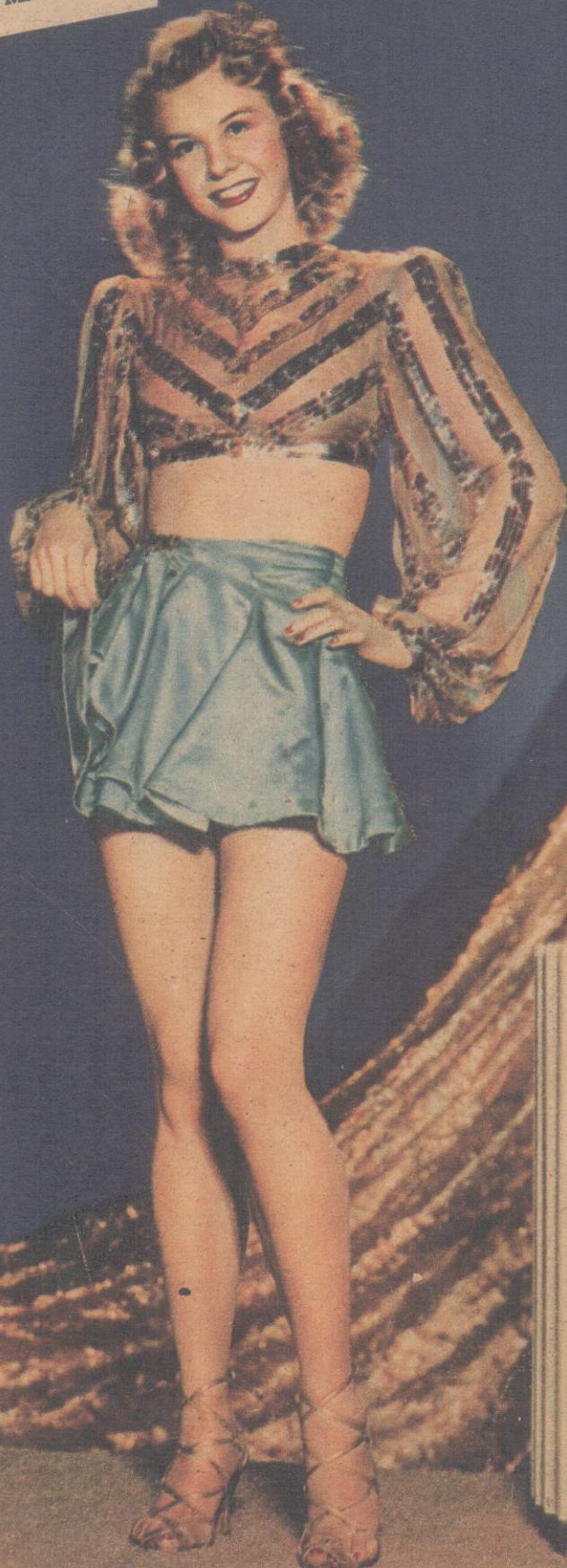
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